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**The  
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and  
Mrs. Kennedy**



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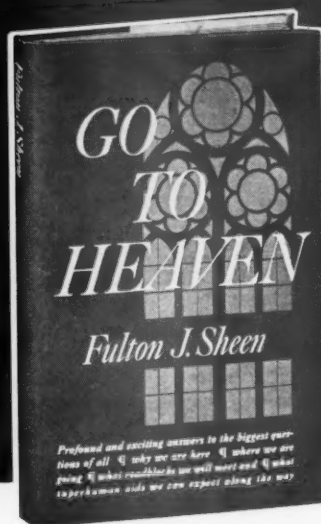
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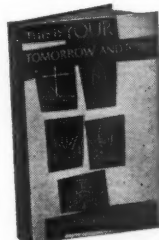
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## Letters

### BROTHER AND ARCHITECT

As an architect, may I congratulate THE  
SIGN on the very fine article describing  
Brother Cajetan Baumann and his work  
("The Grandeur of Simplicity," Novem-  
ber). Articles of this nature, I believe,  
help to build up the cause for better ec-  
clesiastical architecture. . . .

(REV.) LAWRENCE J. GREEN, S.J.  
ACTING CHAIRMAN  
DEPARTMENT OF ARCHITECTURE  
UNIVERSITY OF DETROIT

DETROIT, MICH.

I would truly like to see more articles  
similar to "The Grandeur of Simplicity"  
by Robert Donner (November). My only  
wish is that the article would have given  
more of Brother Cajetan's views. Only in  
the last few paragraphs were Brother's  
ideas expressed.

EUGENE J. MEINERS

CARTHAGE, MO.

### CHEATING

I have just finished reading Father  
Greeley's article on cheating (October).  
His analysis of our society is stingingly  
accurate. . . .

I think that the outlook is less grim and  
overcast than Father Greeley would have  
us believe. Sensation and crime are al-  
ways publicized; goodness and morality  
seldom make the news.

Let me point out some of the good which  
is actually prevalent in some of our col-  
leges. I am a student at Clarke, a college  
for women in Dubuque, Iowa. At Clarke,  
every phase of student life—intellectual,  
spiritual, and social—is based on the honor  
principle. Idealistic as this may sound, the  
honor principle is a practical reality at  
Clarke. All of our tests and examinations  
are unproctored, and cheating is virtually  
nonexistent.

If "everyone's doing it" can be an ex-  
cuse for cheating, then so can it be a mo-  
tive for honesty.

JUDY HEITZMANN

DUBUQUE, IOWA.

### CONNIE FRANCIS

"Who's Sorry Now?", your article of  
Connie Francis, was most entertaining and

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No. 6.



informative. I enjoy your special articles and follow your recommendations on movies in "Stage and Screen."

ANNE ROOSEVELT

PASADENA, CALIF.

#### "THE REDS RETURN"

I wish to commend your magazine and Mr. Jerry Cotter for a segment of his column "Stage and Screen" in your November issue. In the paragraphs entitled, "The Reds Return," Mr. Cotter shows a keen insight into the threats posed by the international Communist conspiracy, particularly in their use of movies as a propaganda tool. . . .

(MRS.) KATHLEEN C. DAWSON  
LA CANADA, CALIF.

#### "THE FUTURE OF CHRISTIANITY"

Regarding the editorial "The Future of Christianity" (October, p. 12).

Since when has truth been unpopular? I had been wondering about the statistics of Christianity, and I appreciate your adequate condensation of the facts. It doesn't take much of an analyst to realize that the inmates of the Communistic jails are being taught atheism.

Secondly, let us face the facts of religion in the U.S. today. Statistics quote that 69 per cent of our people belong to some religion, but juvenile delinquency is getting worse and worse.

Looking at the whole of our moral structure, it is not a good picture. Considering the fact that 69 per cent of the people have religious education and leadership, who is to blame? . . .

As far as the Liturgy is concerned—to expect people to go to church and repeat a language which they do not even know how to pronounce, let alone understand, is a real hindrance, instead of the help it was designed to be. This one hour at church on Sundays must be more *productive*. It must influence us to more effort, more action, in the cause of Christianity. And the theme today should be evident, "We are our brother's keeper."

I am optimistic about the cause of Christianity, but most of us need to be awakened. There is no greater power than Truth. Truth is the weapon that shall overcome the faults of Communism and reunite the peoples of the world toward a greater dedication to perfection of faith in His Providence.

VERA BRADY

DEARBORN, MICH.

#### AFRICA'S CARDINAL

Congratulations on your article "The Black Prince" in the November issue.

Mr. Kittler handled the story with a master's touch. The choice details used do not clog the article but give a well-rounded and original portrait of Cardinal Rugambwa—his personality, life, and work.

The story is another crack in the wall of racial and religious prejudice.

DAVID C. PICARD

ST. PAUL, MINN.

I wish to take this opportunity to express my feelings on one particular phase of journalism in *THE SIGN*. The articles on Africa are superb. I am continuously inspired by the reports of mission work and native Catholic activity there. The style of reporting and the photo-journalism are especially deserving of high praise.

DANIEL F. BONNER

BRONX, N. Y.

#### "THE GOOD PART"

Just a note to say that I found the articles on both Cardinal Agagianian and Cardinal Rugambwa exceptionally interesting.

And I'd like to add a big "Hurrah!" to Katherine Burton for her "The Good Part" (November). It says plainly and clearly what I have long felt to be true. Thank you for saying it so well.

BETTY CLIFFORD

LOVES PARK, ILL.

#### MARYLAND FIRST

I would like to answer Mary Conlon's letter (November) concerning Maryland.

Maryland was settled on June 10, 1634, by Lord Baltimore, a Catholic, two years before Rhode Island; it granted, from the beginning, religious freedom for all. This religious tolerance was stipulated in the first chapter and was maintained throughout the early years of the colony.

Pennsylvania was not settled until 1682; so Maryland was the first and, at the time, the only one of the original colonies to grant religious freedom to all.

*The Origin and Growth of Our Republic*, by Celeste, is my reference.

MRS. HOWARD HOLMES

RUSH, NEW YORK

#### END OF THE WORLD

Wherever I go, I read *THE SIGN*. It is always fine reading. But I must confess I was somewhat uneasy over the article entitled, "The End of the World" (October, p. 10). Frankly, Father, isn't it time for a little sterner stuff? . . .

ROSEMARY G. SCANLAN

BETHESDA, MD.

#### THE POPE'S PICTURES

Though I enjoyed the article "No One Ever Sends Me Pictures" by Tony Spina (September), I am inclined to think it was too brief. . . . The superb photographs and descriptive words helped me to visualize what our Pope is really like. . . .

NANCY DEMBECK

PITTSBURGH, PA.

#### THE UPHEAVAL OF POLITICS?

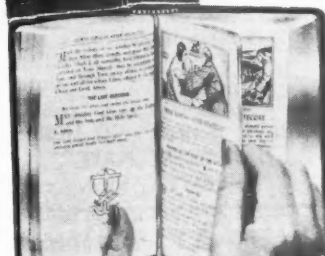
You reviewed Schlesinger, Jr. *The Politics of Upheaval* in your latest issue. How could you defend your sentence "This still young, always interesting, and ever controversial historian has fashioned the third volume in his outstanding series *The Age of Roosevelt*," if a Republican

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scoffed and said you had a nerve saying  
Schlesinger was an historian? If one can't  
rely on some so-called historians, where  
does one go from there?

HELEN M. TOERNER

NEW YORK, N. Y.

### SPIRITUAL THOUGHT

Congratulations on your practical,  
"everyday" application of the moral ef-  
fects of sin. "David and His Sin" (No-  
vember) has undoubtedly clarified the  
point of view for every Catholic. No  
longer may we say, "That happened a  
long time ago . . . how could it possibly  
influence me?" Would you continue this  
informative article with such Biblical  
stories as Cain and Abel (jealousy), or  
"Susanna" (lying)?

DAVID D. WANDREI

CARTHAGE, MO.

### PROTEST

Father Lynch's reply to the question  
about the relation between parents and  
their divorced and remarried children in  
the September issue, p. 58, appears in-  
adequate, uncharitable, and unjust. . . .

I am a practicing Catholic and qualified  
social worker with seven years of ex-  
perience in Catholic family and child  
welfare agencies, where the problem of  
invalid marriages is encountered daily.  
Should religious and lay staff follow your  
explanation of doctrine, there would be  
many families denied service to the detri-  
ment of the spiritual welfare of many,  
many children in these homes. Charity  
resulted in spiritual benefit to the majority  
of the families involved.

ROBERT M. NELSON

FORT KNOX, KY.

### OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE

In the November, 1959, issue of THE  
SIGN, someone inquired about the differ-  
ence between a cathedral and a basilica.  
You gave a list of basilicas in different  
parts of the world, but you did not men-  
tion the Basilica of Our Lady of Guada-  
lupe in Mexico City, over 429 years  
old. . . .

People used to leave their crutches and  
braces there as they did at Lourdes, but  
there were so many that now people leave  
little silver arms, legs, and hearts in thanks-  
giving for miracles performed, and there  
are cases of them on the walls. Not long  
ago, over 400 Mexican pilgrims walked  
more than 200 miles to reach the Bas-  
ilica, and more people walk on their  
knees, some with babies in their arms,  
from long distances up to the altar. . . .

MRS. MARTHA M. COBB

REDONDO BEACH, CALIF.

### WHAT ABOUT ADULTS?

I am secretary of a local Catholic dis-  
cussion group, and my purpose in writing  
is to discuss Katherine Burton's article  
in the September issue.

All our members are in hearty agreement  
with her point that more should be done  
to prepare Catholic high-school students  
to meet the arguments that they will have  
to try to refute once they leave school.  
But, believe me, high-school students are  
not the only ones that must discuss  
Church doctrine pro and con. Adults,  
too, meet many questions they cannot  
answer adequately. . . .

MRS. GEORGE ORLIK

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

### ENCOURAGEMENT

For about thirty years, THE SIGN has  
been coming to our home. It has been  
something of a family institution. As the  
family grows and the time goes on and  
the color of the world changes, it is good  
to see that THE SIGN also progresses. Em-  
phasis changes in the Church: at present  
the role of the laity is highlighted and  
efforts continue to define this role. For  
the first time the program for an Ecumenical  
Council includes consideration of this role.  
THE SIGN shows evidence of moving with  
the Church and reflects its growth and ac-  
tivity. Congratulations!

FRANCES MURNION

NEW YORK, N. Y.

### CHURCH MUSIC

I am an organist. Katherine Burton's  
thoughts on the subject of church music  
were very well expressed (June).

Our Novena services are now using  
good congregational hymns, such as "Im-  
maculate Mary" and "Hail Holy Queen  
Enthroned Above." At Benediction, a  
Eucharistic hymn is sung and then the  
*Tantum Ergo* which the small congrega-  
tion have not found too difficult. Also on  
Sunday, as a summer experiment, the last  
Mass has been enlivened with the con-  
gregation's singing approved hymns. No  
complaints have been reported by the  
congregation. In fact, only good reports  
have been heard. . . .

Our weddings have no tripe. Only good  
hymns find their way to the loft. If a  
soloist finds that the music he sings is un-  
approved, then he will either have to  
learn approved ones or go elsewhere.  
The sad story is that he will be permitted  
to do these horrible nightmares in almost  
eight out of ten parishes. Our hope here  
is to train a boys' group who will be able  
to carry out the liturgical rubrics in re-  
gard to choir. In a few years, we hope  
they would be the chosen group for wed-  
dings and funerals.

A sad thing is still developing, though.  
It certainly glorifies "tin pan alley," a type  
of music that should be allowed to die.  
Progress is best made slowly and surely.  
When we have solved the music situation,  
there will be another situation to take into  
consideration. It is like all the strange  
diseases that were unheard of before.  
Every time they manage to find a cure,  
or a partial one, that allows a longer  
life span to the human race, a deadlier  
disease seems to enter the picture. Let's  
hope that the music cure of the future  
doesn't open new wounds. . . .

D.L.  
MASS.

# The SIGN

*National Catholic Magazine*

January, 1961  
Volume 40, No. 6

## KEYES



11

Frances Parkinson Keyes, the distinguished novelist, writes an affectionate study of old age

## KENNEDY



24

A profile of John F. Kennedy, by Paul F. Healy, who has known the new President for ten years

## BELLINO



47

Joe Bellino, Navy's crashing half-back. "It was a privilege to have watched him," says Red Smith

### The American Scene

- 24 THE KENNEDY I KNOW, by Paul F. Healy
- 27 THE PRESIDENTS' OPENING WORDS, by Frank Remington
- 36 THE HATRED THAT SPLIT AMERICA, by Milton Lomask

### The World Scene

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# The New President

**N**O PRESIDENT in our history has had to face so many and such great problems as those which will be laid on the desk of President John F. Kennedy, come January 20. The difficulties are so great that it would be understandable for a man to run away from the job of president rather than to run after it.

Just glance at a list of some of the most urgent problems on the international scene. There is the threat of Communism on our doorstep in Cuba, unrest in the Caribbean, the poverty and illiteracy that are opening the door to the Reds in Latin America. In Europe, there is the trend toward neutralism among some of our allies, dissension in NATO, France's dangerous involvement in Algeria, and the Berlin question. In Africa, there is the threat to peace in Algeria and the Congo, the tug-of-war between East and West in the newly liberated nations, the racial question in South Africa, as well as the rising tide of anticolonialism. In the Middle East, the precarious shifting of power between East, West, and neutralism, as well as Arab-Israeli hostility, provide a situation that could explode into war at any time. In Southeast Asia, the Reds are making progress in Laos and South Vietnam. It is difficult to exaggerate the threat to world peace of fanatical and increasingly powerful Red China.

And hanging ominously over these difficulties is the over-all problem of a summit conference. When? Where? Under what circumstances, with what guarantees, with what new approaches, and about which problems? Above all, can such a conference make at least a reasonable start in bringing about disarmament, especially in nuclear weapons, so that the world can settle down to the works of peace and construction rather than of war and destruction?

And the home front, too, bristles with problems. There is defense, the public debt, the drain on the gold reserve, care of the aged, aid to education, depressed areas, slum clearance, racial integration, medical aid, labor-industry relations, civil rights, the farm problem, the space challenge, and economic growth.

Any of these problems is enough to give a man

a headache. Lump them all together and you have a triple threat of ulcers. And to get his program moving, the new President will have to deal with increased Republican strength in Congress as well as with discordant and conflicting groups in his own Democratic party.

The new President will need all the help he can get from all of us, and that includes our prayers and our co-operation. As the Psalmist said, many centuries ago, "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it. Unless the Lord guard the city, the guard watches in vain." We can do all that is humanly possible, but that is not enough. God's help will be needed, and it will be forthcoming if we ask for it in humility and faith.

It may sound a little corny to urge co-operation. It really isn't, though. The new President will need public support, and he will need it badly. He will have to deal with opposition in Congress and out of it. Some of it will be bitter because it will have its roots in religious bigotry, one of the most powerful and sinister of human emotions. Bigotry is a form of hatred that dies slowly, and it isn't dead yet in this country.

**W**E SHOULD remember that the tremendous problems that face the new President are not just his problems. They are ours too—and the world's. The coming years are probably the most critical that we have ever faced. We can look forward to an era of peace, prosperity, and happiness or to a period of death, destruction, and even annihilation. Which it will be depends in large measure on the course we pursue. The pilot who will steer us on that course will be President John F. Kennedy. His success will be our success and his failure our failure. Benjamin Franklin's words are as true today as they were on July 4, 1776: "We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately."

*Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.*




*Editorials in Pictures and Print*

## Public Image of the Catholic Church

Many non-Catholic Americans turned their eyes toward the Catholic Church during the past year. For 140,000 of these Americans, it was the prelude to embracing the Catholic Faith. For millions more, it was only an occasion to criticize and protest. By and large, the image of the Catholic Church in many parts of America points up the urgent need for "operation understanding."

In making a survey of the public image of the Catholic Church in America, Martin Work, Executive Director of the National Council of Catholic Men, found five major caricatures commonly accepted: (1) The Catholic Church is largely a political organization whose members owe first allegiance to a foreign power, the Pope; (2) the Catholic Church believes non-Catholics should be denied religious liberty; (3) the Catholic Church demands union of Church and State and only awaits the day when, by majority vote, the First Amendment can be thrown out the window; (4) the Catholic Church seeks, by civil legislation, to force all American citizens to accept her moral laws; (5) the Catholic Church is interested in the well-being of other groups in the community only when she thinks she can derive some selfish advantage.

These distortions should be matters of keenest concern to every Catholic.

To remove such misunderstandings, intelligent effort is needed on national, local, and individual levels. Nationally, our radio and television programs, our N.C.W.C. News Service, our leading publications are all doing effective work

to set forth the Church as she truly is. Locally, more dioceses are setting up information bureaus to maintain good public relations with surrounding communities through channels of press and television. Individually, the lives of many Catholics in daily life are noble tributes to what the Church really is. This last-mentioned apostolate is of greatest importance. The average Catholic layman, in his daily routine, frequently finds himself in association with non-Catholics who know nothing about the Catholic Church except that he belongs to it. To such non-Catholics, as Cardinal Newman observed a century ago, this lone layman is *the Church*—the pope, bishops, priests, Holy Sacrifice, Sacraments, and Commandments. For better or worse, he is creating a public image of the Church.

The splendor of the Church should shine forth most clearly on the parish level. Here, the image of the Church becomes most sharply defined in the eyes of the American community. Outwardly, the splendor of the Church is manifest in the church architecture, the grandeur of liturgy, the beauty of sacred songs sung by well-trained choirs, and in the sacred art that chastely adorns the house of God. All churches cannot afford this outward splendor. But every parish should show forth the splendor of Jesus Christ.

The true splendor of the Church is the life of Christ shown in her members; the radiance of eternal truth clearly presented from the pulpit; the sacrifice of Calvary constantly renewed in the liturgy, ever restoring the bond of friendship



**FRIENDS?** Fidel Castro and Soviet Ambassador Kudryavtsev celebrate anniversary of October revolution. Castro is convinced that Communist help comes "without any political, economic, or ideological conditions." But who is fooling whom?

between God and man; the social harmony of "the communion of saints," where, like branches sharing the life of the same vine, the Christian community is manifestly united in the same faith, the same vibrant hope, the same divine love, all sharing the same eternal life of God. This is the splendor of the Mystical Body of Christ.

It is only through the lives of individual members of the Church that the world can see the wisdom and goodness of Christ, the mercy and justice of Christ, the sacrificial love of Christ for poor sinners, the outpouring of compassion for others' miseries so characteristic of Christ. It is through the members of His Church that Christ visits the sick, counsels the perplexed, comforts the weary, aids the afflicted, feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, and shelters the homeless. If this public image of the Church seems too divine for weak human nature, we must confess that no less a task is assigned by God to the Christian community. The Church is the Light of the world.

## Major and Minor Decisions

There is an old gag about a husband who attributed his long-lived marital bliss to a pact he had made with his wife on their wedding day: she would make all the minor decisions and he would make all the major. Thus far, he said, all decisions had been minor. Like many a jest, it contains a germ of truth. The truth is that too many modern men have lost their capacity for making major decisions. Major decisions depend on major goals.

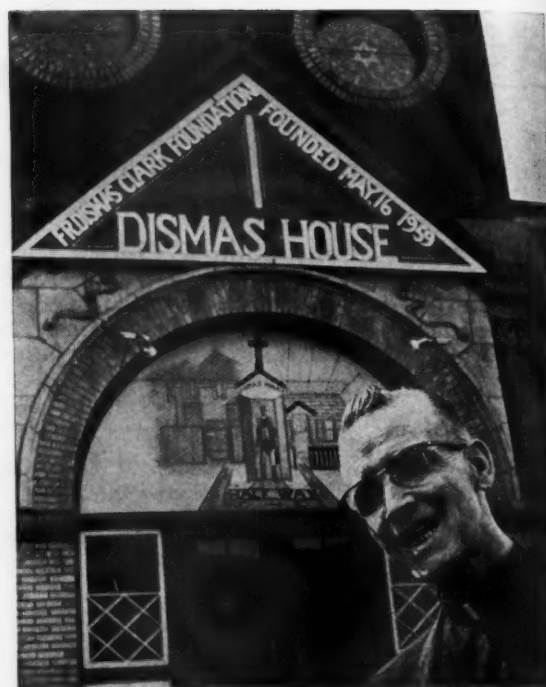
Goals and responsibilities of free men go to the very heart of the social problem in America. Most of us were shocked to learn that one-third of American prisoners-of-war in Korea became collaborators with the enemy. Examination revealed spiritual flabbiness, indecisive goals, immaturity. For great numbers of Americans today there are no major decisions because there are no major goals.

Children, of course, are daily confronted with major decisions, like ordering a chocolate or vanilla soda. A hypochondriac may make a major decision over his dilemma to open the bedroom window one inch or two inches. But mature men and women have deeper dilemmas.

Early Christians were daily called upon to make major decisions. One by one, fifteen million of them chose to be brutally murdered rather than renounce their loyalty to Jesus Christ. The founding fathers of our nation made a major decision when they elected to fight for liberty rather than submit to constant tyranny. When Henry Clay declared he'd rather be right than be President, he was making a major decision. When Patrick Henry cried out for "liberty or death!" he was making a major decision.

**Major decisions go to the very roots of man's existence.** When Princess Margaret refused to marry a divorced man she loved, she made a major decision in her life. When a contemporary junior executive turned down a position worth \$25,000 a year because he knew the job would demand that he sacrifice his life on the lower altar of business, depriving him of higher contacts with family, church, and community, he made a major decision. When an officer in a trade union turned down management's bribe for collusion and his fellow officers' pressure to make unjust demands on management, he made major decisions. When an actress refused a motion picture role that demanded she prostitute her conscience, she made a major decision. Such decisions touch the roots of manhood and womanhood.

The trouble with our civilization is that far too many people never feel the necessity for making truly major decisions. Too many float with the tide, run with the crowd, yield to pressures of the group. There are no major decisions



**THE HOODLUM PRIEST** is a movie about Fr. Charles Clark, S.J., and the house he built to help former convicts lead a life away from crime. Fr. Clark is shown, above, in front of his "Dismas House" in St. Louis. His apostolate, difficult and hidden, deserves more recognition



**ON THE MOVE.** Cardinal Alfrink blesses one of more than a dozen mobile chapels in West Germany. They serve many refugees from Russian satellite countries



GILLOON

**NEW ORLEANS.** The pictures above and right show some of the faces that people everywhere are watching with deep concern. A Manchester Guardian reporter spoke of the "vacant, hate-filled faces" of the crowd and "the quiet dignity" of most of the Negroes. The Federal Court has held to the law of the land: "The motion to vacate, or delay the effective date of, the order requiring desegregation of the New Orleans public schools is likewise denied." The Court added: "There can be no question of delaying still further the enjoyment of a constitutional right which was solemnly pronounced by the Supreme Court of the United States more than six years ago." This decision could close every avenue of escape from compliance with the Supreme Court's desegregation ruling. We hope everyone will accept it



UPI



UPI

**ORDER OF DAY.** Riots increase in South America: in Cuba, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Argentina, Uruguay, Chile, and (left) Venezuela. Most of the trouble is due to the Communists. It would be a serious blow to freedom if they win in Venezuela. Latin America increasingly challenges our courage and our ingenuity. We are very important to them; they are very important to us



for them because they fail to recognize any major issues.

The national debate over national goals must continue. But while the government puts emphasis on the economy and defense of the nation, other public-spirited men must attend to the more crucial area of "goals of life." We are dealing here with the meaning of man—a meaning that has been tremendously obscured by higher educational institutions in America. We can have the most efficient, streamlined economy and biggest war machine in the world. Unless the men who run the machine know where they are going, they can just as easily run the machine to ruin.

## Economic Prospects—1961.

As a new administration prepares to take office, there is keen interest in its economic policies. During the campaign, it was charged that Democratic platform proposals would add an intolerable, extra burden to the already swollen federal budget. Are we really facing prospects of undue centralization of power and reckless federal spending?

Our reading of the signs does not indicate impending doom. We suspect there was more than the usual amount of exaggerated promises in the recent campaign. Both presidential candidates over the years have taken fairly similar positions on major issues. As a result, there was extra pressure to create differences so that the electorate would have a real choice.

A significant fact that seemed to escape comment from our pundits was the almost complete lack of full-length speeches on particular issues. Neither candidate had major addresses directed to exhaustive treatment of individual problems. In the debates, many important points were covered in the mere two minutes allotted for replies.

As a consequence, we chose between candidates without having from either a fresh, detailed exposition of his economic position. If some of the President-elect's advisers belong to the liberal wing, there are still many conservative influences, especially from the South. Those who fear, and those who hope for, a decisive swing to the left will probably both be disappointed.

**Decisiveness will be an outstanding quality** of the new Administration. It should be notable in the conduct of foreign affairs. It will also manifest itself in domestic problems, especially by way of tighter conduct of government.

We should expect the promised increase in defense spending, moderated by drastic efforts to cut duplication and waste in the armed services. Increased medical care for the aged will be on the books, but tied to the social-security system, it will be self-financing and not inflationary. Farm programs will be worked out slowly and cautiously; apparently farmers did not endorse the President-elect's proposals in this area.

**Foreign-aid will remain a substantial item**, but we may expect considerable change of emphasis and direction. Emphasis will be upon effective and intelligent use of loans and grants, rather than indiscriminate increases across the board. There will be real concern about our dollar balances, and no intention to pursue policies that would invite devaluation.

The country will not collapse if the minimum-wage rate is increased to \$1.25 an hour. Even many conservatives feel that some type of action should be feasible to help workers in economically depressed areas. Likewise, only a small minority would favor government inaction in the face of a serious business recession.

This does not mean that everyone will be happy with Administration programs. But real disappointment is likely to be felt only by extremists of the far left or the far right. The country should still be in business by 1964.

**Crime Up.** Serious crime in the United States increased 11 per cent over last year's figure in the first nine months of this year. This percentage, moreover, has been rising steadily. J. Edgar Hoover, director of the F.B.I., reported that at the end of the first three months there was a 7 per cent increase, at the end of six months a 9 per cent increase, and at the end of nine months an 11 per cent increase. The sharpest increase was in property crimes: robbery up 16 per cent, burglary up 15 per cent, larcenies of \$50 or more up 9 per cent, and auto theft up 6 per cent. We are, apparently, losing respect for the rights and property of others; more and more people are deciding to simply take what they want.

**Discipline and Freedom.** A comment on this increase in crime could be the words of Cardinal Godfrey of England, when he spoke recently to the Public Morality Council: "Material betterment has not gone hand in hand with the preservation and fostering of moral ideals. Governments are loath to take measures that seem to be an interference with freedom. . . . Material well-being and morality can certainly be reconciled . . . ; discipline and freedom are twin elements in the make-up of any man. We must bring this fact home to our people and make it clear to them that only by combining those two essentials of life can they acquire and retain the dignity of the human person. . . ."

"Governments should be deeply concerned with protecting the freedom of the citizens who wish to dwell peaceably in their homes holding their property secure from theft. Negligence in controlling the criminal is aggression against the freedom of the citizen. Let us hear more about the freedom of the righteous citizens and less about the freedom of the lawbreaker."

**Kennedy's Peace Corps.** We hope that President-elect Kennedy's idea to send thousands of young men to underdeveloped countries for three years as teachers, technicians, farm experts, and engineers won't go up in the smoke of campaign oratory. Although the young men chosen would put in this type of service instead of regular military service, the plan is not a haven for draft dodgers; the pay would presumably be about the same as the military and living conditions would generally be little better than primitive.

The idea of a peace corps was introduced by Senator Hubert Humphrey at the last session of Congress and it has been enthusiastically discussed on many college campuses. The President-elect put a dramatic spotlight on it during the campaign. Though the public reaction was very favorable, it's likely that the new President will have many other items of a more urgent nature to occupy his attention when he enters the White House. But the idea carries such a fresh breath of promise to help millions of people who desperately need technical assistance that we hope it is acted upon in the next few months. A careful system will have to be worked out for the selection and training of peace corps volunteers. The results can be supremely more satisfying for mankind than teaching our young men the mechanics of warfare.

**Bill Thaler's Decision.** When we published an article in *THE SIGN* last January on one of the country's best known young scientists, William J. Thaler ("Space Age Idea Man"), we knew that he was an exceptional man—a brilliant scientist with deep humanitarian convictions. Thaler has just given another indication of this combination. He was offered a \$40,000 a year job in private industry. So he resigned his \$15,000 government post, in which he had served as technical director for the navy's Project Argus—and accepted a \$12,000 job teaching physics at Georgetown University. "Making money," Thaler has said, "is not synonymous with success." Say it again, Bill. Say it again.



# The Years of Rich Reward

BY FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES



ANDRE SNOW

*Frances Parkinson Keyes in study at Oxbow, her Vermont farm*

## The Aged and Dignity

With sixteen million Americans over sixty-five and life expectancy steadily increasing, the problems of old age now concern most families. Governments are becoming more conscious of their responsibility to help the aged; this is reflected in the important White House Conference on Aging, to be held in Washington, D.C., in January. The Sign presents here two articles on the aged: the first, an affectionate study of old age by the distinguished novelist Frances Parkinson Keyes, whose latest book is her autobiography "Roses in December" (Doubleday); the second is a picture story (p. 14) of a modern plan which enables elderly persons to live in dignity and security.

"The last of life for which the first was made." That is the way the great poet Browning has defined advancing years, in beautiful verses addressed to a beloved woman, which begin:

*"Grow old along with me,  
The best is yet to be."*

The great poet was neither a visionary nor a falsifier of facts. He was a man of experience for which, as Calvin Coolidge once sagely remarked, there is no substitute. To be sure, when he said that, Mr. Coolidge was speaking of politics, and he was in a position to speak with authority, for he had advanced all the way from an inconsequential civic position to the Presidency of the United States without a single defeat. But what is true of politics is true of everything else; and since experience is something it takes a long while to acquire, it cannot possibly be one of the prerogatives of youth.

Youth has many other prerogatives: mental and physical

**"The greatest drawback to happiness in advancing years is not loneliness but idleness"**

vigor and the optimism and hopefulness which are their natural complements. It is the logical time to acquire what we generally mean when we speak of an education, because, without the manual and scholastic training we receive in our youth, we would not be prepared for the trades and professions of our choosing and because we learn everything from carpentry to languages more quickly and easily the earlier we do so. (That is another prerogative of youth)

Youth is also the logical time for what we generally mean when we speak of love, because that is when the mating instinct is strongest and because, only a few years after the first consciousness of this, it finds beautiful fruition in maternity and paternity.

However, our education has only just begun when we get through school and college. And the same is true of that part of our being dominated by love in its most complete and rewarding forms.

Ask any architect—or, if you prefer, any clergyman, farmer, mechanic, or teacher—when he began to reap the greatest benefits, both material and spiritual, from his education and I venture to say that not one of them will reply it was when he was in his twenties. He had to put what he had learned into practice for a long while and constantly add to it before these benefits were perfected. In other words, he needed to have experience.

Ask any woman whose marriage has been one of shared joys and sorrows for many years, and whose children have risen up to call her blessed, when wedlock and maternity meant the most to her and, in nine cases out of ten, she will tell you that she had reached middle age before she knew all that love could really mean; she also had to learn by experience.

Admittedly, there is a dark side to advancing years, but with experience to help, adjustment should not be too hard. By then, distance and death will have robbed us of many who were near and dear to us, and the void created by their loss cannot be filled; but loneliness is not necessarily a condition which must be accepted supinely. It is rare that we pass middle age without finding that the elaborate mechanism of our bodies has suffered in some way, but such a handicap can be a challenge as well as a disability. Financial problems beset almost everyone who is not either independently wealthy (and that means a very small minority) or so frugal by nature that rigid economy in youth, and the accompanying lack of joyous and carefree living,

has insured a competence later on; but self-confidence will bring about amazing results in creating means of self-support. If I were asked to name—in the light of my own experience—the greatest drawback to happiness in advancing years, I would not say loneliness or physical disability or straitened circumstances; I would say idleness.

The woman who decides that life is no longer worth living, because her husband has died and her children have made homes for themselves, and does nothing but sit and brood over this is bound to be as unhappy herself as she makes everyone who comes in contact with her; and presently she will find herself lonelier than ever, because her erstwhile friends will begin to shun her. The man, naturally a dynamo of energy, who decides to retire simply because he has reached a certain age, is apt to find that, though he should undoubtedly have slowed down, he should never have allowed himself to sink into a state of desuetude and that basking in the sun, though wonderful for a vacation, can become deadly dull as a way of life. The human being of either sex who is short of money and claims there is no way of earning any is storing up trouble for himself, whether he decides to eat the bitter bread of charity or to deny himself the actual necessities for a decent existence.

Suppose we take a look at a few types of persons who have declined to be idle for any of these reasons: Eleanor Roosevelt is a shining example of a woman whose activities and interests were subordinate to those of her husband as long as he lived. Since his death, she has increased and developed her own. Not only are all her children grown and married, they are old enough to have given her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, whose upbringing and education she observes attentively, but unobtrusively; and her status as a great humanitarian is rooted in her love for her own family. At forty, she was a devoted wife and mother, a charming and hospitable official hostess and an absorbed student of social conditions which needed betterment; at seventy-five, she is much more than this—she is a world power.

The late Mrs. Edward Alexander MacDowell who, with her husband, the prominent musician and composer, founded and maintained the famous MacDowell Colony in New Hampshire, continued for many years after his death the fine work they had begun together. Indeed, on the occasion of her last public appearance, when she was well over ninety, she stood before a large audience to make an inspiring speech, which she delivered without notes.

**L**EST THE argument be made—though it does not have much weight—that Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. MacDowell have been able to do and be all this largely because of "privileged" backgrounds, let us consider the case of Grandma Moses, a girl of limited education and opportunity, who married the hired man in the same family where she worked herself, who managed to give her children the advantages she had lacked, and who, without training but with latent talent, has, in her nineties, painted pictures which are recognized everywhere as works of art. (And, in this connection, it is certainly worth noting that the great Venetian, Titian, in his ninth decade was painting some of the most superb pictures the world has ever known.)

But, someone may reasonably object, all women do not and cannot have public purposes or latent artistic talents. This is very true, but it still does not mean that they cannot have full, active, and happy lives, fruitful for themselves and others; and I think their chances of achieving these are much better if they retain their independence. Many widows give up their own homes and go to live with their married children even when they could afford to live by themselves, if not actually in the style to which they were

once accustomed, at least decently and comfortably. They could keep their own cherished possessions, which seem to become more and more precious with the years; they would have no one but themselves to please regarding mealtime and what should be eaten at meals, or bedtime, and whether it is better to sleep in a cold room or a warm one.

Here, at last, is their chance to read and rest; to try new recipes just for the fun of seeing how they will turn out; to set aside time for church work and civic work, knowing they will not be neglecting their families by so doing; to take courses in subjects of special interest to them which they have never had an opportunity to explore; and—if there is even a little spare money—to enlarge their horizons by travel. But all these opportunities they pass up because they are afraid of loneliness. They would be much wiser—and happier—if they realized that the way to assure a welcome in their children's houses would be never to abuse it.

So much for women who do not fold their hands and bewail their fate when their husbands die and their children grow up and make homes for themselves. What about the elderly men who have refused to bask in the sun? Bernard Baruch at ninety, though unashamedly dependent on a hearing aid, told reporters on his recent birthday that he was still too young to retire; then he courteously cut the interview short, so that he could get back to work. Herbert Hoover at eighty-six works twelve hours a day and has eight secretaries straining to keep up with him.

There were many things about the late William Randolph Hearst which I did not admire, but he certainly put into practice, with amazing results, his contention that the time to retire is when the Lord does it for you. He ruled his journalistic empire with the same thoroughness and competence, amounting almost to genius, when he was in his seventies that he had shown in his forties; and, incidentally, he continued to play a remarkably fine game of tennis! (And, speaking of tennis, I have greatly enjoyed a story I recently heard about a Justice of the Supreme Court, who visited his physician for a periodic examination and was told that this was not a good game for a man in his fifties. "How do you feel about that?" his wife asked him, when he repeated this verdict to her. "Why, I can hardly wait for my sixtieth birthday!" the sprightly justice replied.)

**T**HE SUPREME COURT furnishes many examples of outstanding men whose achievements have continued to give it luster after they had reached three score years and ten. Associate Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, who did not resign until he was ninety-one, and Chief Justice Edward Douglas White, who was active up to the time of his death at seventy-six, come instantly to mind. One of the most prominent Catholic laymen our country has ever known, Chief Justice White's noble public example did much to lessen prejudice against Catholics in high office.

The daily schedule of Pius XII has several times been published; it crowded an eighteen-hour day and he was still pursuing this program until just before he died at the age of eighty-two. The present Pope, John XXIII, was seventy-six when he was elected and his energy is still phenomenal. The first pope I can personally remember is Leo XIII and he was eighty-four when I saw him, as a wondering child of ten; he continued to live an active life nine years after that.

Again, I may be accused of choosing among the privileged in searching for examples. Let me therefore mention in passing a man by the name of John Lancaster, a neighbor of mine in the Connecticut Valley, whose schooling had been of the most rudimentary nature and who never advanced beyond the status of a day laborer, but whose services, when he was in his eighties, were still in great demand when it came to felling trees, a feat in which no

one could equal him. He always began work at four in the morning. On one occasion, when he was thinning out the surplus growth on a side hill back of my house, he came to me a little after four one afternoon and asked, apologetically, if it would be all right if he knocked off work. "I wouldn't want you to think I was a shirker," he said. "But nowadays, I just seem to get plumb tuckered out after I've chopped twelve hours."

"But all these people you have been talking about," I can hear someone objecting, "are in good health—that is, Mr. Baruch's deafness may be a nuisance, but it is not a severe handicap, as blindness would be, for instance, or lameness which has reached a crippling stage." I will freely grant that blindness seems to me the supreme calamity; but Milton wrote nearly all his most beautiful poetry when he was blind, and William Prescott's eyes were in such bad condition that he could use them only fifteen minutes a day when he wrote the histories which brought him lasting fame; and, reverting for a moment to deafness, Beethoven was totally deaf when he composed his final symphonies. Elizabeth Barrett had been bed-bound for years when Robert Browning literally carried her away to Italy, where she found a new life of love and creation.

Since sometimes the account of a recent personal experience seems more convincing than something that happened to one far away and long ago, I may perhaps mention in passing that I am seventy-five years old, that I was born with a bad back, that about seven years ago I developed acute arthritis in both knees, and that for three years I have not been able to walk at all unsupported. But this has not for a moment interfered with my writing, which happens to be the way I earn my living. What is more, it has not interfered with any amount of traveling.

At present, I am writing in Quito, Ecuador, 9,300 feet above sea level, having crossed the Andes by car and, as I have been temporarily adversely affected by the altitude, I am writing in bed. This does not discourage me in the least. I have written several books and innumerable articles when all forms of physical activity were impossible for me, and I have taken six ships by stretcher because that was the only way I could board them; but I kept my assignments just the same. I have faith that I shall continue to do so, for I know many people who manage to do their work, whatever it is, with far greater handicaps than I have. If people stopped buying books, there are lots of ways I could earn money: I could sit with invalids to keep them company, give them medicine under a physician's directions, read aloud to them and write letters for them. I could tutor backward pupils in history, English, French, or Spanish and help them keep up with their studies. And I could mend and knit.

**O**NCE having admitted that only those with severe mental afflictions need to be idle and that at least partial independence is within the grasp of a large proportion of the people in our country, I think we can safely go on to claim that our last years should be a period of rich reward. We can look back with a sense of triumph on the times when the going was hard, because we conquered, and we can look back with a sense of gratitude on the times that were happy, because there has been so much sunshine mingled with the strain and sorrow. We can consider the present as harvest time—and is there any more beautiful season in the calendar year or in the human life than that? I do not think so. And when the last harvest is in, we can wait, without impatience but with the certainty that our faith gives us of its coming, for the message, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Father."



## The Aged and Dignity Part 2







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## Companionship on a "Campus"

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“I have always lived in my own home, raising my family of three boys and three girls. Their father died when the youngest was only three. The day came when all the children were married and in their own homes. Then, after I had a stroke and developed a heart condition, I was told I couldn’t live alone any more. I lived with two of my daughters for a while. But I was too far away from friends and familiar surroundings. Then I came onto the campus at the Kundig Center. I live in an apartment with three other ladies; we each have our own room. We eat across the street at the Center. I know the people there will help me if I have any problems. I come and go as I wish. I’m free from worries and responsibilities. I have the companionship of people my own age and when I want to be alone I can go to my own room. My children and grandchildren visit me and I visit them. I hope I can live this way until I die.”

*In the statement above, Mrs. Frances Klaus tells what Detroit's Kundig Center, a modern approach to helping the aged, means to her. At dinner at the Center, Mrs. Klaus (left) listens sympathetically to a friend's problem*



*Doctor, examining Mrs. Klaus, calls regularly; medical records are kept*



*Aside from maintaining a lively interest in crafts with fellow Kundig members, Mrs. Klaus helps to organize special projects*



*Grandchildren look forward to her Sunday visit to their suburban home*

*Youngest son Joe stops daily on way to work and brings his mother a newspaper*



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE SIGN BY ED LETTAU

## The campus satisfies needs of the aged within walking distance



*Once a month Msgr. Suedkamp holds an informal chat with Kundig members, who can make suggestions or complaints*

Like thousands of elderly persons in the U.S., Mrs. Frances Klaus, who is sixty-eight, doesn't need and doesn't want to live in an institution; yet she is not well enough to live alone and cook for herself. She needs a combination of independence and semi-protection to give her the happiness and security and willingness to go on coping with life's challenges. The Kundig Center in downtown Detroit is one of the leading examples in the country of a fresh approach to meeting the problems of people like Mrs. Klaus. Begun in 1954 by Msgr. Wilbur F. Suedkamp, director of Detroit Catholic Charities, as a day center for the aged, Kundig immediately attracted dozens of retired men and women who wanted a place to spend a few hours of leisure every day. Msgr. Suedkamp soon found out that his new friends had housing, diet, and medical problems. He located rooming houses in the area where the Kundig members could live, opened a dining hall which serves three meals a day, and obtained the services of the Council of Catholic Nurses and a physician to provide regular medical care. Meanwhile, the Center maintains a program of crafts and games for those interested—there is no pressure to join in group activity, for some of the men and women have had

to work so hard during their lives that they never learned how to enjoy leisure. The members come and go as they want, they have companionship, and most of all they know that the counseling services at Kundig are ready to help them. Msgr. Suedkamp sums up this concept of care for the aged as "campus living." He says, "In a comparatively small walking area the aged are housed and fed and made to get enough daily exercise and fresh air by having to walk back and forth." The Kundig Center now has eighty-six members, and the cost of the program (including housing) is \$81 each per month. Some members who cannot afford this are given financial help. The value of the Kundig approach was recognized a few months ago by the U.S. Government when it granted to Kundig the first loan under a new government program of aid for housing elderly persons. With the \$135,000 loan, the Center will build a two-story residence nearby containing twenty-five units, each with a combination living-bedroom and private bath. "This is the basic minimum to allow each person to live in dignity," says Msgr. Suedkamp. He hopes that the pioneering done by Kundig will encourage social welfare authorities in other places to follow, leaving institutions for those who really need them.



*In her room in an apartment shared with three other ladies, Mrs. Klaus devotes much time to sewing. She makes dresses for her grandchildren and also does alterations for friends at Kundig*

**In her semiprotected life at the Kundig Center, Mrs. Klaus is independent, yet not alone. She has challenges and friends to fill her time. Security and usefulness are her possessions**





*Lending a helping hand comes easily at the Kundig Center, for everyone in some way needs the assistance of the others. Even the exchange of friendly conversation gives an elderly person the courage to stay active*



# CAN A CATHOLIC BE A LIBERAL?

**Dr. Neill, in your opinion can a Catholic be a Liberal?**

Certainly, if you are using the word "Liberal" as it is commonly understood.

**But this is not what some Catholic writers say. How do you account for this difference of opinion?**

The word Liberal means something different to me than it does to William Buckley or Msgr. Charles Hugo Doyle, who give it an invidious connotation. I accept the dictionary meaning of the word: "favorable to progress or reform. . . advocating measures of progressive political reform." This is the meaning commonly given to it by the American people. Those who claim that a Catholic cannot be a Liberal invest the word with a philosophical and religious meaning it simply does not have outside their circles.

**On what grounds do you claim that a man can be both a good Catholic and a Liberal?**

I justify my stand by the fact that there have been and are outstanding Catholics who are commonly considered Liberals. Such a person was Frédéric Ozanam, whose cause has been introduced for beatification. Senator Eugene McCarthy is considered a Liberal today, and no one questions his loyalty to the Church or his understanding of Catholic social teaching. Pope Pius XII issued statements on social, economic, and political matters that are almost universally called "liberal," as is the famous Bishops' Statement of 1919 which

played such a significant role in effecting liberal reform in this country. From the fact that there are outstanding good Catholics who are Liberals, I conclude that a Catholic can be a Liberal.

**How has this confusion concerning Liberalism come about?**

To state the matter in its simplest form, it is a case of some people's taking the older European meaning of the word Liberalism and imposing this meaning on a quite different American Liberalism.

**Can you give us some specific instances of this?**

Yes, I can. Cardinal Newman is frequently quoted as being, on his own admission, a lifelong opponent of Liberalism. But Newman said that by Liberalism he meant using natural reason as a substitute for Revelation and the authority of God. Thus he referred to religious Liberalism, not social or economic. In similar fashion, Cardinal Billot, who called Liberalism a "satanic social solvent," and the Spaniard Sarda y Silvani, who called it a sin, were referring to philosophical and theological Liberalism. Still I find their condemnations being applied to everything labeled "liberal." But it is obvious that the meaning attached to the term by Newman, Billot, or Sarda y Silvani is not intended by the editors of *Commonweal* when they call their journal "liberal" or by President-elect Kennedy when he speaks of his "liberal program."

## **An Interview with Thomas P. Neill, Ph.D.**

No word in English carries so much confusion as "Liberalism." For half the nation it signifies all that contributes to human progress, while for others it is simply a dirty word. Catholics in America do their share of arguing heatedly over Liberalism. Much of the argument arises from misunderstanding. Whether or not a Catholic can be a "Liberal" depends on the meaning he attaches to the term. To find the answer, The Sign obtained this important interview with Thomas P. Neill, Professor of History at St. Louis University. Dr. Neill is author of "The Rise and Decline of Liberalism" and "Religion and Culture"

**Do you have any suggestion for clearing up this confusion and preventing unnecessary argument about the meaning of the word?**

Someone has suggested that the word Liberalism should be abolished. I agree. But unfortunately it will continue to be used. It would help if people looked at it as a label on a bottle. The important thing is the contents, and the label is useful only if it accurately tells what is in the bottle. When Liberalism is used either as a term of praise or of disparagement, the intelligent thing to ask is what is the person's or the party's program and belief. The label itself should cause us neither to endorse nor to condemn the person or the program to which it is attached.

Since the word will continue to be used, I might suggest a number of helpful distinctions in the way it is currently used. We should distinguish, first of all, between Liberalism as an attitude and Liberalism as a creed or program. Then, when we refer to Liberalism as a body of beliefs instead of an attitude, we should distinguish religious Liberalism from social, economic, and political Liberalism.

**How would you describe the liberal attitude as distinct from the liberal creed?**

The liberal attitude is a general mood rather than a definite set of beliefs. In this sense, Liberal means open-minded, generous, fond of freedom for oneself and others. The Liberal in this meaning is a tolerant person. He is inclined to oppose

restrictions and what he would consider the unnecessary use of authority—either political or religious—to limit freedom of thought or action.

**Isn't there such a thing as being too broadminded or liberal in this sense?**

There is indeed. The liberal attitude can be too soft-minded in the field of censorship, public entertainment, literature, punishment of criminals, and other such matters. The Liberal's error here usually results not from wrong ideas as much as from being oversensitive and unbalanced about certain individual personal or civil rights, while tending to overlook the rights of society or of other groups. The Liberal also tends, if he isn't careful, to see those in power abusing authority when perhaps they are not at all.

**Now, about Liberalism as a program or a creed. Can a Catholic be a religious Liberal?**

No, he cannot. Perhaps I had better explain this flat answer. I understand religious Liberalism in the way Newman used the term. This means an individual's putting his own judgment above Church authority and even God's word. Ultimately, it is a refusal to accept defined doctrine that the Liberal does not understand or does not like.

The term Liberalism is used by Protestants to refer to a movement which denies or minimizes the importance of dogma and stresses instead one's personal relationship to



God and being good to one's neighbor. It amounts to doctrinal indifferentism. A similar movement occurred in the Catholic Church late in the last century. It was called "Modernism" and was condemned by Pope St. Pius X. Pope Pius XII warned against the danger of religious Liberalism in his encyclical *Humani Generis*. I would say that a Catholic simply cannot be a religious Liberal.

Because some of your readers may have read references to "liberal" Catholic theologians like Father Gustave Weigel or Father John Courtney Murray, let me add slightly to the confusion caused by this word to say that "liberal" is used in a perfectly harmless sense—as an attitude—to refer to theologians who are willing to make new approaches to the truth, who are not completely satisfied with the old way of doing and saying things. But this attitude is not what any competent authority means when he speaks of religious Liberalism.

#### **Should we go on to discuss social and political Liberalism?**

By all means, because this is what most Americans have in mind when they talk about Liberalism and about Liberal as against Conservative. Perhaps the best approach would be to name persons who are generally understood to be Liberal or Conservative. Among Liberals I would name former presidents Woodrow Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Harry Truman, Senators Humphrey and McCarthy of Minnesota, Senator Javits and former Senator Lehman of New York, and such others as Adlai Stevenson, Eleanor Roosevelt, William Clancy, and John Cogley, the last two former editors of *Commonweal*, and professors Galbraith and Schlesinger of Harvard. Among Conservatives I would mention former President Hoover, Senators Goldwater, Williams and Byrd, William Buckley, Russell Kirk, and Congressman Joseph Martin of Massachusetts.

#### **I notice you have Catholics in both lists.**

This was intentional. A Catholic can be either a Liberal or a Conservative. As a matter of fact, the voting record of senators for the last Congress as rated by the Conservative Americans for Constitutional Action had most of the Catholics near the bottom of the list. Senator McNamara of Michigan, for example, was at the bottom of the 96 senators, with a Conservative score of 0 per cent, Senator McCarthy of Minnesota was 88th, with 4 per cent right for Conservatives, Murray of Montana was 85th with 5 per cent, Kennedy was 72nd with 11 per cent, and O'Mahoney of Wyoming was 69th with 12 per cent.

#### **I also notice that you have Democrats and Republicans in both the Liberal and Conservative camps. Is not one party Liberal and the other Conservative?**

I am glad you asked that question, because this division is a source of great confusion. The Republican-Democratic party division is not entirely along Conservative-Liberal lines, and anyone who suggests that it is only confuses the issue. Each party is itself divided into Liberal and Conservative wings that have more in common with their counterparts in the other party than with the other wing in their own. Thus, Barry Goldwater is more like a Southern Democrat than he is like Nelson Rockefeller, and Senator Byrd is more like Goldwater or Williams than he is like Humphrey or McCarthy.

Party interests, committee chairmanships, geographic area, and other such matters tend to obscure and confuse Liberal-Conservative differences in our political life. I think they can be more easily seen among writers, as in the debate between

Mr. Buckley and Mr. Clancy, or in the pages of *Commonweal* and *America* as against the *National Review* or *Free-man*. Best of all, perhaps, in the different utterances of Father Ginder, a social and political conservative, and those of his Ordinary, the liberal Bishop Wright of Pittsburgh.

#### **Is it not true that Conservative thought is generally considered more compatible with Catholicism than Liberal thought?**

Yes it is. And there is some truth in this belief, although I think it has become less true in the last half century. Conservatives, as in Mr. Buckley's *National Review*, continue to emphasize personal responsibility and individual initiative and integrity, good Catholic principles. But, at the same time, this review takes a stand on economic questions, an exaggerated nationalism, opposition to international organizations, and other such social and political matters that I simply cannot reconcile with papal pronouncements on these questions or with the American bishops' annual joint pastoral letters. Ironically, tests by the Liberal Americans for Democratic Action for endorsing congressmen are much more like current Catholic social teachings than those of the Conservative Americans for Constitutional Action. There is no way to explain this except by making a slight incursion into the history of Liberalism. May I?

#### **Of course.**

Apparently, the word *Liberalism* was first used in Spain in 1811 to designate a political movement that was antiroyalist and to some extent anticlerical. A group of Spaniards were agitating for a new constitution based on the French model of 1791, which was directed against both the Church and State of the Old Regime before the French Revolution. Actually, they got the Spanish Constitution of 1812 adopted, and their views came to be known as Liberalism. The group was strongly opposed to the Catholic Church as well as to the monarchy and, in the ensuing struggle to maintain this constitution, the supporters of this Liberalism developed a strong anticlericalism and hostility to the Church. This same animosity to religion occurred in such other countries as France and Italy among Liberals who looked upon religious authority as opposed to their new "liberties."

In England, the word *Liberalism* was apparently first used about 1830. Here it described a movement directed against the political arrangements of the time and designed to change the economy of the nation.

Creators of this form of Liberalism were middle-class factory owners who were influenced by such fathers of Classical Liberalism as Adam Smith, Thomas Malthus, and David Ricardo. Hard-working businessmen for the most part, they were members of dissenting Protestant groups who found the privileges of the aristocracy and the established Anglican Church quite burdensome to their freedom of action. But their main enemy was the mercantilistic state—a government that controlled the public economy. With its tariffs, antiquated navigation laws, and rotten-borough system, this kind of government kept the aristocracy entrenched in power. Understandably, the new group of "Liberals" wanted change and progress.

They set up a program and a creed to justify their demands, which has come to be known as Classical Liberalism. Their program demanded that government get out of business and confine itself to the police-action of keeping the peace, protecting life and property. Their creed consisted of certain economic "laws" to prove that workers could never make more than a bare livelihood, a "subsistence wage"; that poverty was a person's own fault; and that only property owners should vote. The creed had a twofold purpose: to



dethrone the aristocracy and to keep the poor forever in their place. The new system glorified self-interest and justified the worst kind of social and economic abuses as part of the "natural order of things." It freed men of all social responsibility and asserted that by following his self-interest a man somehow promoted the common good.

These Liberals saw their system gradually victorious throughout England and fairly well realized throughout the United States. It was this economic Liberalism that was challenged and largely dethroned in the United States by the New Deal's social revolution.

Ironically, today the social reformers, both Democrat and Republican, who advocate New Deal policies are generally known as Liberals, while the advocates of the old Classical Liberalism are usually known as Conservatives. Thus has the word changed meaning! I have discussed the emergence of the new meaning of the word *Liberalism* in America in an article in *Social Order* (Oct. 1954) and at greater length in my *Rise and Decline of Liberalism*.

**This leads to an apparently paradoxical situation. Do you mean that when such churchmen as Pope Pius IX condemned Liberalism they actually condemned today's Conservative economic and social doctrines?**

No, I did not mean to imply that. I find the word *Liberalism* rarely used in papal condemnations, and when it is, it describes the many philosophical and social movements opposed to the Church and Christianity. For example, in his famous *Syllabus of Errors*, Pope Pius IX condemned the proposition that "The Roman Pontiff can and should reconcile and adapt himself to progress, liberalism, and modern civilization." This is a proposition taken from *Jamdudum*, written against the acts of the Piedmontese government, where the confiscation of Church property was called part of Liberalism and modern civilization. Again, Pope Leo XIII spoke harshly of the Liberalism current in his day in his encyclical on Human Liberty. He neatly summarized: "What *Naturalists* or *Rationalists* aim at in philosophy, the supporters of *Liberalism*, carrying out the principles laid down in naturalism, are attempting in the domain of morality and politics."

Thus you can see that neither Liberal nor Conservative economic and social ideas have been absolutely condemned by Church authority. However, I personally find it very difficult—indeed impossible—to reconcile the economic and social program of a Conservative like Mr. Buckley or Father Richard Ginder with pronouncements of the Holy See and the American bishops since the time of Leo XIII. But let us remember that the popes and bishops do not condemn either free trade or tariffs, social security or private enterprise. They only point out the abuses that follow from one program or another. And they urge the formation of unions, adoption of unions, and other such matters. Since the time of Leo XIII's *Rerum Novarum*, they have repeatedly condemned the abuses accompanying an uncontrolled economy formerly advocated by Classical Liberals and defended in modified form by most of today's Conservatives.

**I think your line of reasoning becomes quite clear. You maintain that a person cannot be a religious Liberal, but that he can be a social, economic, and political Liberal—that, indeed, such Liberalism is perhaps more in keeping with modern Catholic doctrine than is Conservatism?**

That's right. Let me add just one qualification. All Liberals do not subscribe to all the same items or give various ones the same emphasis, any more than Conservatives do. But averaging them up, I agree with your statement of my thought.

**Let us go on from this point. Aren't there many non-Catholic Liberals—in the social sense—who are spiritually akin to the old European atheists, pantheists, and agnostics?**

That is true, and it is an important point. But the doctrinaire Liberals, who are mostly professors and writers like the late John Dewey and who have formulated their reasoned theories of life, are relatively few. Most of the Liberals with affinity for the old heresies have not really formulated doctrines on essential problems in life—but they do tend to exalt the individual person as autonomous, as well as their own standard of right and wrong. These people tend to be hostile to any religious mystery they fail to understand clearly; and they tend to be hostile toward external authority, intellectual and religious as well as political. Implicitly, they tend to deny original sin, trust blindly in the resources of human nature, identify evil with ignorance and, more recently, with wealth.

**But would not such "attitudes" toward life affect the social programs of these men when they enter political life or write about it?**

Undoubtedly—particularly in such "sensitive" fields as censorship, civil liberties, Church-State relations, public education, and attitudes toward entertainment and literature. But the point I wanted to make is that the average American is thinking of something else when he talks about Liberalism. He is thinking about social welfare, its need or dangers; social insurance; medical assistance for the aged; collective bargaining; rights of management and rights of labor; income taxes; federal *versus* state powers; public works; pension and welfare funds, and other such matters. In this sense, I am convinced, the majority of the American voters, and most of the Democratic politicians, together with a sizeable number of Republicans, are Liberal.

As for the general social disease of Liberalism, in the sense condemned by the Church, I think it would be better to use the term Secularism today. Liberalism and Modernism, as an assemblage of heresies, have both been condemned by the Church. Today, the evils of these "isms" have worked themselves out into our daily lives. In condemning them, the American bishops, in their annual statement of 1947, listed them under the general heading of Secularism, as an all-pervasive spiritual disease destroying society today. Hence, when such a writer as Msgr. Charles Hugo Doyle declares: "Let no Catholic assume such a reprobated name as 'liberal,' for that term stands in violent and open antithesis to all that is Catholic," I think he is needlessly adding to confusion over the word *Liberalism* as customarily used by Americans. Moreover, inadvertently or not, he puts much of the Church's social teaching and its proponents like Msgr. George Higgins under a cloud of suspicion.

**Thank you, Dr. Neill. Do you think that we have covered the subject adequately?**

I hope so. Could I add just one concluding observation? Words like *Liberalism*, *Communism*, or *Conservatism* are used by some people—and I suppose in good faith—as umbrella words. By this I mean that all sorts of irrelevant ideas or doctrines are brought in by a kind of sleight-of-hand trick. Thus, some critics of Liberalism have demonstrated that the doctrine was condemned in the nineteenth century as hostile to the Church, and then go on to put it up, like an umbrella, over old-age pensions, higher minimum-wage laws, and other such matters. I urge your readers always to study the crowd huddling under the umbrella or, to use our previous simile, to analyze the contents of the bottle instead of being taken in by the label.



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# THE KENNEDY

## I KNOW *Extraordinary inner confidence marks the man eager to get the U.S. "on the move again"*

BY PAUL F. HEALY

When President Kennedy utters his first words to a waiting world from the steps of the United States Capitol on January 20, he will do so armed with one quality above all others: a willingness to take charge founded on an extraordinary inner confidence. As a Washington reporter, I have known Kennedy for ten years, and I think that this is the most interesting development in his exceedingly complex personality.

How did he acquire such decisiveness? Thanks to his background, Kennedy has always enjoyed a sense of security—socially, financially, and emotionally. But it was not until the latter part of the 1950's that he actually "found" himself as an individual.

It began with his attitude toward politics. Privately, he scorned the mumbo-jumbo that politics is a science, a craft, or an occult art whose mysterious workings must be studied before it can be practiced successfully. Kennedy found that a candidate could make his own way with just two "secrets": good judgment and hard work.

In his three terms in the House of Representatives, Kennedy had taken it easy unless something—such as labor legislation—interested him. He had felt at loose ends in an atmosphere where a man's rise depends on seniority and "going along" with the ancient

leaders. He had been brought up to welcome a risky challenge and to give it that old college—or Kennedy—try. So when he decided to break out of the House in favor of a higher office, he knew that the most grueling kind of person-to-person campaigning was the first ingredient necessary for success. He was pleasantly surprised to find that he had the good judgment to go with it.

He was right where he started campaigning against Senator Henry Cabot Lodge nearly two years before Lodge was up for re-election in Massachusetts in 1952. He was right in going after the 1960 Democratic presidential nomination immediately after his own re-election in 1958. He was right in entering the Wisconsin and West Virginia primaries. He was right in seeking as many national television debates as possible with Vice-President Nixon despite Nixon's reputation as a master debater. In each of these decisions, Kennedy was bucking contrary advice from some experienced consultants.

Flying out of Chicago on his private airplane after the first debate, Kennedy radiated satisfaction with his judgment. He was making no claims that he had showed up much better than Nixon; he could hardly have known then that this would be the public consensus and the turning point in the cam-



paign. But it was obvious that he felt he had at least held his own against the favorite.

Munching on his belated dinner, he recalled to me that he had debated another better-known opponent, Lodge, on television in 1952 and that this had been the key development of his campaign.

"Lodge had the experience and they said he'd wipe the floor with me," Kennedy remarked with a smile.

If courage is "grace under pressure," Kennedy proved that he had it in his four tense debates with Nixon. The self-assured image he projected sprang partly from his basic feeling that nobody is superior to him. But it also was the product of some massive homework: hours of briefing by a research team of lawyers, Rhodes scholars, Ph.D.'s, and others, who had worked out the answers to almost every question he could conceivably be asked.

**W**ILL KENNEDY'S bold judgments work as well for the country as a whole when he is in the White House? No one can say how often he will be "right" on the giant, substantive issues which will cross his desk. But his policy decisions probably will be more moderate than his campaign speeches might lead one to expect.

He may turn out to be relatively conservative in the matter of influencing interest rates and preserving the stability of the American dollar. His failure to spell out his ideas on economics in all but a few instances caused some friendly observers to wonder about Kennedy's "fiscal responsibility." After all, he has never had to worry about a dollar and, indeed, seldom remembers to carry one on his person. For this reason, anyone who rides in a taxi or goes to lunch with him runs the risk of being stuck with the tab.

Money policy is one area where Kennedy might take advice from his father, financier Joseph P. Kennedy, whose profitable understanding of the subject has made his son's career easier. A family with millions in investments is not likely to play hob with the soundness of the dollar. Although the senior Kennedy has stayed in the background because he is anathema to the liberals, his oldest son has not completely bypassed his advice. It was the father who suggested that the President-elect take the initiative and call on Nixon. This gracious gesture toward a beaten rival was universally admired.

Kennedy is no doctrinaire in political philosophy and he is not a fierce partisan except in a campaign. His liberalism is more practical than emotional. During the Wisconsin primary, when he was up against that certified liberal Senator Hubert Humphrey, Kennedy once remarked in an unguarded moment: "I can't bleed all over the place the way Hubert does."

Yet, if by nature and heritage Kennedy is detached from the "bread-and-butter issues," he literally talked himself into a strong attachment to them in the presidential campaign. At times, his raised voice, his FDR-like upthrust chin, and the stabbing gestures with his forefinger seemed forced as he plumped for medical care for the aged, a \$1.25 minimum wage, and federal aid to education. But his tone began to ring with intellectual conviction, particularly when he discussed the need for more education both abroad and at home.

As an intellectual who believes in more accent on youth,

Kennedy was appalled to learn that 150,000 students who graduate in the top ten of their high schools in the United States are denied college because they cannot afford it. He favors some sort of joint, federal-state, loan program to finance scholarships for all who deserve them. At the same time, he believes the United States has been far too slow and too stingy in offering African students scholarships to study in this country. African nationalists used to quote Jefferson and Lincoln, he points out, but today many of them quote Marx. He fears that many more of the newborn countries in such underdeveloped areas will slip into the Communist orbit during the next crucial decade unless their potential leaders are given a chance to study the workings of free nations at first hand.

Still, Kennedy feels no more at home with the pure academic type than he does with the professional politicians, though he respects both groups and is in turn respected by them. Kennedy is a "fast listener" as well as a lightning-fast reader, and he becomes bored with a too-lengthy recital by a wordy egghead. He is a master brain-picker and doesn't hesitate to pick freely on first acquaintance.

Joseph P. Kennedy once remarked that "Jack is the perfect politician—he never alienates anyone." How does this square with complaints during the pre-convention campaign that Jack Kennedy was a "ruthless" political operator? In two cases, Kennedy had served notice to a Democratic governor that he intended to run in that state's primary and would whip the governor if the latter insisted on entering the primary as a "favorite son." Each governor swallowed his pride and knuckled under. Kennedy's attitude was that he was simply being realistic: neither governor had the national stature to be considered a serious contender for the Democratic nomination.

Kennedy understands the uses of power and has no hesitancy in applying it to win. He is determined to make full use of the powers of the Presidency—whether by persuasion, propaganda, patronage, or party discipline. His absorbing study of American history has shown him that the great Presidents were the strong ones.

**T**HERE IS a trace of arrogance in Kennedy, born of his feeling of family superiority, but this trait is not necessarily a defect in one who aspires to aggressive leadership. It is usually well under control and is more than made up for by the disarming and refreshing candor which has charmed professors, politicians, lofty editors, hardened newsmen, college students, and just about everyone who has come in private contact with Kennedy. It is totally lacking in the traditional caution and cant of the office-holder. Such a casual exterior is perfect camouflage for the calculating machine which never stops ticking inside him.

If a good administrator is simply one who inspires people to work hard for him, Kennedy should have no trouble getting things done in the White House. But, for all his gifts as an organizer, he may be over-reaching himself in his decision to curtail drastically the White House staff and eliminate the "chief of staff" (Assistant to the President) post used by President Eisenhower. The reasons are that Kennedy always wants to know everything going on around him and is disinclined to take anyone but his brother Robert completely into his confidence. Perhaps because of this slightly suspicious streak, Kennedy never has one of his own aides present when he is entertaining a visitor. This creates a sense of intimacy and trust which is flattering to the caller.

Kennedy also displays his intense restlessness of mind and body when chatting with a visitor. His mind works so fast that his sentences sometimes trail off—and telescope into new ones. He can't sit still. He stands up, sits down

(Continued on page 68)

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PAUL F. HEALY wrote the first national magazine article on John F. Kennedy's political career. Titled "Galahad in the House," it was published in *THE SIGN*, July, 1950. A Washington reporter for fifteen years, Healy later observed Kennedy closely in the Senate and then on the Presidential campaign trail. The photographic study of the President-elect is by Jacques Lowe.

# THE PRESIDENTS' OPENING WORDS

BY FRANK REMINGTON

On January 20, 1961, President-elect John Fitzgerald Kennedy will swear to the thirty-five-word oath of office: "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Taking the oath, as required by the Constitution, is the only duty of the new President before he assumes his duties. But traditionally, our presidents choose to deliver a speech to launch their administrations.

From George Washington to Dwight Eisenhower there have been forty-three inaugural addresses, most of which required less than half an hour to deliver.

Most of the addresses have averaged around 2,000 words. Some sample approximate lengths are Washington's first, 1,300 words; Andrew Jackson's first and second, each 1,100 words; Van Buren's, 3,800 words; Lincoln's first, 3,500 and his second, 500 words; Wilson's second, 2,000 words; Franklin D. Roosevelt's first, 1,700 words.

George Washington's second inaugural speech still holds the record for the shortest—only 143 words. By contrast, his immediate successor, John Adams, uttered an interminably long sentence during the course of his address. The sentence came to 900 words and contained nineteen "if" clauses.

President William Henry Harrison gave the longest inaugural address on record. It would have been even longer had not Daniel Webster edited it and persuaded the President-elect to delete many classical references. Harrison's Inauguration Day was cold and stormy, but he insisted on riding a horse in the inaugural parade and standing bareheaded while he read his hours-long, 8,500-word message. On his return from the Capitol, he took to his bed, suffering from what his doctors decided was pneumonia, and died a month later. Paradoxically, the longest address inaugurated the shortest presidential term in American history.

Most of these speeches have passed into limbo, with no further interest expressed in them by anyone except historians. For few of the inaugural addresses can be considered great literary gems. Fewer still set forth noble expressions of lofty ideals. Rather, the presidents' inaugural remarks have been calm, deliberate declarations of principles and policies befitting the times. Nearly all of the presidents have asked for divine guidance and given thanks



Artist John Lawn anticipates the scene on Capitol Hill when President Kennedy gives his inaugural

for blessings bestowed upon the nation.

Of all the thousands of words spoken, only a few passages have endured as classics. One of the best remembered and most often quoted comes from Franklin D. Roosevelt's first inaugural address. It offered hope and confidence to a nation shocked and bewildered by a cataclysmic economic depression:

"This great nation will endure as it has endured, will revive, and will prosper. So first of all, let me assert my firm belief that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself—nameless, unreasoning, unjustified terror which paralyzes needed efforts to convert retreat into advance."

**T**HE GREATEST of all inaugural passages comes from Lincoln's second inaugural address: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Abraham Lincoln's first inaugural speech reflected his genius for plain speaking and his abiding faith in people: "Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? . . . While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration by any extreme of wickedness or folly can very seriously injure the government in the short space of four years."

Thomas Jefferson, too, clearly demonstrated his genius for clearly expressing his ideals and principles in unmistakable terms. Among his words that have been oft-quoted in this passage from his first inaugural:

"A wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouths of labor the bread it has earned."

Most of the early presidents included words of self-deprecation in their inaugural addresses. This custom has become largely passé with the more recent chief executives, largely because campaigning plays such a major role in modern presidential electioneering. It would be ludicrous, indeed, for a man who has just completed four months of nationwide TV appearances and barnstorming on the hustings, claiming to the people his fitness for the high office, suddenly to announce in his inaugural that he feels inadequate and unfitted for the position.

In the early days, however, presidents rarely campaigned for office. Nor did they have TV, radio, and airplanes to do the job. Consequently, they could indulge in sincere self-abasement without appearing ridiculous. In his inaugural address, Franklin Pierce seemed to be completely overcome by his own inadequacy: "It is a relief to feel that no heart but my own can know the personal regret and bitter sorrow over which I have been borne to a position so suitable for others rather than desirable for myself."

George Washington declared: "The magnitude and difficulty of the office . . . could not but overwhelm one who, inheriting inferior endowments from nature and unpracticed in the duties of civil administration, ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies."

In his inaugural, John Adams asserted, "It might become me better to be silent." Jefferson spoke of the "weakness of my powers," and James Monroe wondered about his "own deficiency" and his "great anxiety for the result." John Quincy Adams declared that he was "less possessed of your confidence . . . than any of my predecessors." Even Andrew Jackson promised "zealous dedication of my humble abilities."

Many of the presidents' inaugurals have touched on foreign policy and a striving for peace. James Madison outlined a foreign policy that is as applicable today as it was in 1809: "To prefer in all cases amicable discussion and reasonable accommodation of differences to a decision of them by an appeal to arms . . . to foster a spirit of independence too just to invade the rights of others, too proud to surrender our own, too liberal to indulge unworthy prejudices ourselves, and too elevated not to look down upon them in others."

Theodore Roosevelt's inaugural remarks recognized the United States' growing role as a world power: "We have become a great nation, forced by the fact of its greatness into relations with the other nations of the earth, and we must behave as befits a people with such great responsibilities."

In his second inaugural address on January 21, 1957, President Dwight Eisenhower affirmed his hope for peace and world co-operation: "We seek peace. And now, as in no other age, we seek it because we have been warned by the power of modern weapons that peace may be the only climate possible for human life itself."

Each president's inaugural, of course, touched on matters of which no other one spoke. George Washington's first was unique in stating that he did not want any pay for being president. He

put it in slightly more formal language: "I must decline as inapplicable to myself any share in the personal emoluments which may be indispensably included in a permanent provision for the Executive Department."

At Martin Van Buren's inauguration in 1837, "Little Van" devoted some of his address to praising a half-century of national life under the Constitution. And fifty-two years later, Benjamin Harrison devoted much of his address to encomiums on the centennial theme.

Almost without exception, the presidents' inaugural addresses have called for unity, the putting aside of personal differences and campaign animosities for the common good. Abraham Lincoln told the Southern states in 1861: "We are not enemies, but friends."

In Zachary Taylor's inaugural, delivered at the close of the Mexican War, he called for "attempts to assuage the bitterness which too often marks unavoidable differences of opinion." James Buchanan asked for a policy "to restore harmony and ancient friendship among the people of the several States."

Perhaps Thomas Jefferson expressed the unity theme better than the others: "Let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection without which liberty and even life itself are but dreary things. And let us reflect that, having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic, as wicked, and as capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions."

Few of the presidents have referred to the campaign unpleasantness preceding their elections. But Ulysses S. Grant was so incensed at the bitterness of the 1872 campaign that he mentioned it in his inaugural: "I have been the subject of abuse and slander scarcely ever equaled in political history. . ."

**I**N EARLY days, few persons actually heard the presidents deliver their speeches. The inauguration audience at the time of James Monroe numbered only several thousand. It had grown to about 80,000 for Franklin Pierce in 1853, and 200,000 in 1893 at Cleveland's second inauguration.

Only the spectators within earshot, however, could hear the president's words. At Warren Harding's inauguration, though, a public address system carried his voice to the crowd's outer fringe. Ironically, "Silent Cal" Coolidge was the initial president whose inaugural remarks reached the entire nation. He spoke into a new-fangled radio microphone. Harry Truman's inauguration in 1949 was the first to be heard and seen on television.



ONCE A YEAR there comes a time when I must squarely face the fact that I am blessed with six children but only five deductions.

That's because Christine, my favorite six-year-old, has been a professional model since she was three and drew her very own Social Security card. For \$25 an hour and kicks, she lends her innocence and her beauty to the exploitation of merchandise from autos to zippers. She is the first child in our neighborhood to wear the latest things from the mongers of fashion, high and middling.

In the biggest slick magazines, I have caught her using a toothbrush far more meaningfully than she ever does at home. On television, she drinks milk as if she likes it—for \$80 a quart. She has been photographed as bruised and bleeding in an accident scene, a part she played with such feeling that her mother can't bear to look at the picture. She has been transported across state lines to play Cowboys-'n-Indians in somebody else's back yard as she would do any day at home for free.

Though I may like to think so, all this does not necessarily mean that Christine is prettier than a lot of other men's little girls. It only means she is photogenic—a very exact quality of frame and feature that is supposed to be typical but is so rare that some people will pay dearly for it. It was her mother, who has an eye for such things, who first spotted it.

I was uncertain about this modeling thing at first; I had heard all those awful things about Madison Avenue, too. But I yielded to expediency and allowed my wife, usually a sensible girl, this one de-



BURT OWEN

## My Model Daughter

BY ED SYLVESTER

parture from the common way. After all, she has done as much for me.

A leading model agency confirmed my wife's hopes. Christine has since become one of the busiest Size Fours in Manhattan and there are days when it can be wondered just who is the breadwinner around here anyway. Actually, she is working her way through college, Class of 1974. Her earnings are kept separate from the family budget.

Christine brings to her work a capacity to smile on demand, to be a lady for long sittings when she has to or a bequiling little rascal as she wants to. She also

comes equipped with a mother who has a knack for staying out of the photographer's way, a huge accessories case almost as big as she is, and a five-year-old sister—who sometimes cops bookings intended for Christine.

I have tried to make it a rule not to talk about Christine's modeling among our neighbors, because there is really only one beautiful child in the world—and every parent has it. Particularly when the money part is mentioned. There are also biting expenses, but they don't want to know about that. We have seen dear friends come away from agencies bitterly disappointed.

How has modeling affected Christine? Well, she's still as noisy and as winsome and as underfoot as any of the other, unemployed children in our house. But I can see she has been learning things deep down inside. In perhaps a keener way than I could teach her, she has seen what great lengths people will go for a smile, a graceful gesture, and all those

other confections that a little girl is made of. She has also learned to tolerate a few of the anxieties of this world, some of its characters, and the envy of other females, so I expect she will come to womanhood at considerable advantage.

She has seen studios equipped to simulate the wind, the sun, God's green grass, and cameras that take pictures faster than photographers can think. But she has also learned there's no substitute for the face of a child.

What's ahead for Christine? Most of her girlhood yet, I hope, and the entire academic process. Dramatic school and that sort of thing too, if she wants it. The special gifts that are hers now may change into something else later on, and probably something better as God arranges. As of now though, she has an altogether rigid idea of what she wants to be when she grows up.

"A nurse," she told me just the other day.

# The Caribbean is Exploding



If El Salvador falls to the Communists, the key to Central America will be lost; the Church is trying to save freedom with a bold program for social justice

BY DAVID FINLEY

**T**HIRTY YEARS AGO, West Coast football fans were familiar with the big, bearish features of hard-driving backfield star Dick Quiñonez, who, while a citizen of El Salvador, was a campus rage at the University of California. These same fans would have been shocked to see the familiar, blunt features, now haggard but defiant, as Quiñonez emerged last Thanksgiving from a Salvadoran jail cell, the first victim of an increasingly serious Communist effort to build another "Cuba" along Central America's strategically important Pacific Coast.

"Kye" Quiñonez, now a successful and respected businessman and President of the Salvadoran Chamber of Commerce, made just one mistake: he chose to alert his countrymen against the subtle and clever push toward eventual Red control.

"I'm a Catholic," he said, "I don't like Communism: it destroys the Church, the press, and private initiative. I feel compelled to warn my countrymen of Communist tactics and its foreign ideology. The battle for Central America has begun and its importance for Americans must never be underestimated."

Central America is the U. S. soft underbelly. Loss of this vital, but still undeveloped, area would be an inestimable loss to our inter-American defense system. It would isolate the Panama Canal, outflank our seaward defenses in the Caribbean, jeopardize our Atlantic missile-test range, provide infiltration and espionage areas for the further penetration of Latin America, and place extreme pressure on Mexico to pursue a neutralist, anti-United States policy right along our undefended borders.

Big stakes will surely accrue to the Communists if they succeed. Their plan is simple, painfully so, and its success depends only on the continued apathy of the peoples of North and Central America.

Communist preparations for the downfall of the Central American isthmus which comprises the five crowded, poverty-stricken, and socially deprived states of Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Costa Rica, and Nicaragua, long preceded the rise of Fidel Castro in Cuba.

Soviet agents, as far back as 1953, boasted that Latin America was Moscow's number-one target. Even more alarming, Eudicio Ravines, an ex-Chilean Communist, warned in his prophetic study *The Yenan Way* that for two decades the Chinese Communists have felt Latin America a particularly vulnerable area for their decomposition tactics

of organizing the underprivileged peasants and waging unrestricted, guerrilla warfare in order to bring the small, Communist, Latin cadres to power.

The rise of Fidel Castro in 1958 represented the first concrete realization of the Communist master plan. Fidel became a symbol. He became the hero of the suffering, deprived millions throughout Latin America who cry for social justice and economic relief. This Marxist Robin Hood has been deliberately utilized by clever Communist agitators from Mexico to Santiago, but nowhere more effectively than in Central America.

It is in this crowded region immediately south of Mexico and only one hour from Cuba by jet plane that "Fidelismo" has taken its strongest hold on the mainland. The reason is simple to find. To a peasant with a large family, whose total income per year is less than \$100, the sight of corruption in national life and of the isolated splendor in which the feudally inclined rich live is cause enough to believe the blandishments of Communist agitators that one day the have-nots will be the haves—by violence if necessary.

The success of this Communist thrust can be noted in continued Cuban defiance of civilized tenets of behavior, in the recent, rebel uprisings in Guatemala and Nicaragua which prompted the United States to establish a Caribbean Sea patrol to prevent Cuban Communist reinforcements from arriving on the mainland, and in the very strange, political happenings in El Salvador.

El Salvador represents the Key to Central America. If this smallest (population, 1,858,700), but most solvent, of the Latin Republics goes under to Communism, all of Central America could easily follow. El Salvador, a Spanish name meaning "The Saviour," has immense problems of economic development. Its people are crowded into an area the size of the state of Massachusetts, and its economically affluent classes are but slowly awakening to the need for drastic social reform. But it has had a stable currency and a balanced budget for twenty years. It pays its international debts and, until last October, it had a duly elected, pro-United States, centrist government presided over by Colonel José María Lemus.

On October 26, Lemus was forcibly deposed in a clever, bloodless coup under a rather odd provision of the Salvadoran Constitution which guarantees the "Right of Insurrection." The resulting, six-man junta of young, inexperienced military officers and university graduates is popularly be-



New cabinet appointments are read by Dr. Jose Maria Mendez, leader in El Salvador junta

Following the announcement of the bloodless coup overthrowing the Lemus regime in El Salvador, university students parade in triumph





lieved to be the work of former President Oscar Osorio, millionaire Salvadoran Indian whose political leanings have veered more and more to the left in recent years.

But coincidental with the rise of the junta, strange, disturbing, and as yet unexplained events began to take place which culminated in the arrest, and later release, of "Kye" Quiñonez. On October 27, the day following the takeover, planes from Honduras and Guatemala arrived, returning, among others, Salvadoran Communist politicians and agitators from exile imposed by Colonel Lemus the previous September in the interests of public order. The junta explanation: under the Constitution, all political activity is allowable, even Communist, until such time as a link with foreign powers is established. Despite the lessons of history, no such evidence appeared to exist in the minds of the junta.

The return of the exiles was followed immediately by the introduction of Reds into positions of influence in the ministries of labor, culture, justice, and public information. The junta explanation: these men are not Communists. Yet there is reason to believe that some had been trained in Moscow and Peiping.

**T**HEN, on the heels of these two developments, the Communist-dominated *Partido Revolucionario Abril y Mayo* (PRAM) swung back into completely organized life, after being denied legality by Lemus' administration for being "agents of a foreign ideology." The official explanation: all other parties now have equal opportunity to re-enter political life in anticipation of early elections. But the long, well-heeled lead of PRAM gives little comfort to other non-Communist groupings, including its chief opponent—the Catholic Church.

The one force, organized, dedicated, and ready to fight for El Salvador, and indirectly for all of Central America, is the slowly emerging, modernized, and dynamic Salvadoran Catholic Church.

In numbers, the Church is small, but, surprisingly, its six dioceses and 260 priests, including a handful of American Franciscan, Maryknoll, and Benedictine missionaries, carry a potentially tremendous impact on these nominally Catholic people.

Once again the answer is not difficult to find. The history of early Spanish colonialism in Central America is largely the history of the area's conversion to Christianity. The intervening years, unfortunately, are largely the story of the slow loss of this faith, until the twentieth-century reawakening of the continent brought the Church face to face with the reality of its weakness. For too long, Church officials and vested interests found common cause to the disadvantage of the neglected peasant.

Now this situation is changing. In El Salvador, it has already changed.

Sparked by the knowledge that failure will mean a Communist victory in the battle for men's souls, the Church is blocking Red penetration wherever possible.

When Communist journalists infiltrated both the major papers of San Salvador and the journalists' association, *Orientación*, the weekly diocesan newspaper of the Archdiocese of San Salvador, spoke out courageously, warning their less strong-hearted colleagues of the dangers of appeasing Communism. When the junta, pressured by the Communist-manipulated popular front *Frente Nacional Orientación Cívica*, abrogated the law of universities which had established a legal foundation for a Catholic University in

El Salvador, the priests of the country were not silent in their condemnation of this antireligious act taken in the name of "democracy."

But the Church's anti-Communist program is much more positive. It is solidly rooted in a newly found determination to spread the principles of Christian social philosophy. Under the direction of the ascetical Archbishop Luis Chavez y Gonzalez of San Salvador, the country's first social secretariat has been developed by Msgr. Jorge Castro Peña, a former lawyer and ex-Marxist whose vocation has led him first to the priesthood and now to the battle against the Communists.

It was the Salvadoran Church that provided former President Lemus with his strongest support for a desperately needed minimum-wage law for the peasants, which the Communists now wish to turn into a political weapon.

This rediscovery of the social teachings of Leo XIII, Pius XI, and Pius XII has led to a new initiative in Church circles. In the provincial capital of Santa Ana, for example, the vicar general of the diocese is a supercharged American, Father Lawrence, who has brought Catholic Action and C.Y.O. to the country for the first time.

In politics, the advance of Communism has forced concerned Catholic laymen, including the Georgetown-trained son of the Salvadoran Ambassador to the United States, to begin the development of a Christian Democratic party pointing to the crucial and perhaps decisive Presidential elections of 1962.

Most basic of all, however, is the magnificent attempt to create a first-rate Catholic University patterned on the great Christian centers of learning in the United States and Europe. This is a need that is almost beyond the comprehension of the average American. The present University of El Salvador is an autonomous, politics-ridden night school sorely in need of discipline, a serious student body, and dedicated leadership. It is the Church's hope to pioneer in this direction.

**W**HETHER it is a Sunday sermon warning of the false prophets of Communism or the spectacularly successful "radio school of the air" put on nightly over the Church's national radio station and designed to reach the peasant with a counter-message of hope and love to the Communists' shrill cry of hate and avarice, the Church makes its presence felt.

From daring, new architectural designs of its suburban churches to the soon-to-be-realized, ultramodern Jesuit retreat house—Hotel San Ignacio—the imagination and zeal of the Church worries the Red opposition.

When, on the eve of the San Jose Conference last August, the Church courageously assembled 15,000 peasants in support of inter-American solidarity against Castro's Cuba, the Communists were furious and attacked the Archbishop as an "instrument of Yankee imperialism."

Neither Communist propaganda nor veiled threats have prevented the Church from moving ahead. Only recently, Benedictines from Wisconsin acquired land in Central El Salvador in order to build a United States style co-operative and an agricultural college.

The Jesuits of Central America are launching an important project especially directed at attracting and molding Salvadoran and Central American university youth through the facilities of a modernistic, off-campus, student and dormitory center—*Agrupación Universitaria Centro America*.

If this initiative continues—and the interest of North Americans is very much desired—the fight will go forward.

As a recently distributed pamphlet in El Salvador put it: "This is our fight, and to win back our country we must demonstrate our will first to fight for it."

DAVID FINLEY, free-lance writer, is a specialist on Communism in the Caribbean area.



## Nobility is not Enough

BY KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.

MY YOUNGER brother had graduated from the abbey college and was taking his doctorate at a public university. When he returned for a visit, he said that what he found most disturbing at the state university was not the campus atheist who preached a kind of sophisticated debauchery. Men of this kind were easily recognized, and their number was few. Nor was he greatly disturbed by the easy morals of some who evidently had no moral training at home and could not be expected to exhibit any when away from home.

But what he did find disturbing was a certain professor. This man, of unimpeachable integrity, was dedicated to his students and to their welfare, and he spent his energies in their behalf. He was a selfless man who gave of his time freely. To an unusual degree he was without vanity. He was delighted when he could learn from his students or when they went on and excelled him in his own field of study. He had a deep moral sense and a fierce honesty.

What was disturbing about this man was that he was a pagan and an atheist. My brother was scandalized because here was a man, neither Catholic nor Protestant, whose natural virtue was quite superior to that of many Christians. He had no faith to guide him, no sacraments to sanctify him, no priest to take away his sin. But his virtue was undeniable and alarming.

A letter of a young girl to the French theologian Jean Danielou carries the problem a step further. Is not God more pleased with the heroic virtue of the good pagan than the mediocrity of the Sunday Catholic? Surely God will reward natural heroism at least as generously as He does supernatural mediocrity! "Do you not think," writes the young girl, "that one who has no faith, but who lives an irreproachable life and devotes himself without calculation to bettering the working and living conditions of man has at least the

same chance of salvation that a believer has who pursues his own selfish interests and lives on the level of mediocrity; we will take it for granted that the believer fulfills all the elementary duties of a Christian, such as attending Mass on Sunday. . . . For my part I think that God, who is Father of the Communist as well as of the Christian, will give at least as high a place in heaven to the dedicated Communist who heroically lives his convictions and is ignorant of Christianity as He will give to the lazy and selfish Christian."

God does not, of course, give the lazy and selfish Christian any assurance that he will be saved. In fact, quite the opposite impression is given. "Because you are lukewarm and neither hot nor cold, I am about to vomit you out of my mouth."

At the basis of the scandal is the assumption that a dedicated humanitarianism is sufficient to make one worthy of a Christian's reward. That the humanitarian has faith in man is not a matter of reproach, but that faith does not take the place of faith in God. His dedication and heroism in sacrificing himself for the betterment of man's lot on earth deserve the highest recognition man can give; but a purely human work is not worthy of a divine reward. Without doubt, the test of man's love for God is his love for man. On the other hand, even a heroic love for man neither dispenses from nor supplies for the love of God. The surest test of man's love of God is his love for man, and though the two cannot be separated, the love of God has the primacy. Without some recognition of God and willingness to do His will, the noblest efforts of man—however praiseworthy from a human point of view—will have no reward in the next life.

We unconsciously tend to think of Christianity in terms of morality. In this view, Christianity becomes a system of ethics, a moral code, which teaches us how to live decent, respect-

able lives. But we do not need Christ nor revelation to tell us how to achieve decency and respectability. Our reason tells us it is wrong to lie, steal, and murder. This is not to say that Christianity teaches no moral code, but merely to say that Christianity is a faith before it is a morality.

The essential message of faith is summed up in the recognition of man's dependence on God. The whole of sacred history, of God's intervention in time, of God's message to man, is an elaboration of the theme: man is radically and absolutely dependent on God. To this principle there is no exception possible or even thinkable.

God is the salvation of man and man cannot save himself, no matter how heroic his natural nobility. A denial of this is a repudiation of Christ and Christianity.

TO THINK that an atheist, whatever his moral stature and perfection, is essentially a religious man is an illusion. Such a conviction, says Danielou, is one of contemporary man's fatal errors. God does indeed make moral demands of a Christian. God, however, does not begin by giving commandments, nor does He end by giving commandments. Before all else He asks for the heart and mind of man. "You shall love the Lord your God with your whole heart and with your whole soul and with your whole mind. This is the greatest and the first commandment." In this surrender of heart and mind is found the essential attitude of a Christian. And from this love flows his concern to keep the commandments. "If you love me, keep my commandments."

Ultimately we are judged by love. And the man who denies God refuses to acknowledge his total dependence upon God, and he cannot give God his love. Whatever the authenticity of his heroic natural virtue, he falls short of that which makes virtue meaningful for eternity: love and faith.



Fred Friendly, center, with Edward R. Murrow (left) and Carl Sandburg, is emerging from Murrow's shadow

## Fred Friendly's Intelligent Reports

Shortly after Japan surrendered to the Allies aboard the battleship Missouri in Tokyo Bay in 1945, another military ceremony took place on a drill field in the Far East. A major general, commanding the American forces in the India-Burma Theater of Operations, awarded medals to a group of officers and enlisted men who had performed outstanding services during World War II.

The general had some misgivings as he bestowed a Legion of Merit award on a tall, bespectacled master sergeant. For the sergeant was wearing a rumpled set of green coveralls, hardly suitable attire for the occasion.

At the end of the formation, the general sought out the decorated soldier. "Sergeant, what kind of a uniform is that?" he inquired, his displeasure obvious. The sergeant, Fred W. Friendly, explained that he had just arrived from a jungle area and didn't want to miss the ceremony.

The incident was one of many focusing attention on the eager Friendly. Three years after he returned to civilian life, he became associated with Edward R. Murrow of CBS. Together they have been responsible for some of the most intelligent programs on television.

Friendly is now executive producer of *CBS Reports*, a series of one-hour informational telecasts dealing with public affairs of national interest. Last season the program won widespread attention with its studies, *The Biography of a Missile* and *The Population Explosion*. The current series is con-

sidering topics such as the Polaris missile, traffic deaths, Quemoy and Matsu, health insurance plans, the Electra plane crashes, and justice in our courts.

*CBS Reports*, unlike so much of the rest of our television fare, is trying to present matters of substance and importance. Twenty-six programs have been scheduled for this season during "prime" evening viewing time.

Friendly made it clear that, if a sponsor wanted to support the program, he would have to do so on a "no peeking" basis—with absolutely no control over the subject matter of the show. The response has been encouraging. Although *CBS Reports* cannot assure an advertiser audiences nearly as large as some of television's Westerns and comedies, the series has attracted sponsorship (Philip Morris cigarettes) for the entire season.

The program is an outgrowth of *See It Now*, the prize-winning series that was shown on the same network from 1951 through 1958. The earlier program was co-produced by Friendly and Murrow, who had collaborated previously on the production of several albums of recordings of voices from recent history, including those of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Churchill, Hitler, and Stalin.

*See It Now* stimulated interest and, sometimes, controversy, as it explored civil liberties, the work of the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy and Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, censorship, automation, the relationship between cigarette smoking and cancer. One show was filmed in Korea during the war.



**Behind the Scenes.** Friendly was the man-behind-the-scenes in the *See It Now* programs, just as he now is for *CBS Reports*. He has supervised the work of as many as five camera crews, working simultaneously in far distant parts of the world. For a single program he has had to spend close to a month, studying 250,000 feet of film and discarding enough footage to provide fifty programs.

At times he has arrived in his New York office on a Thursday morning and worked on practically a round-the-clock basis until the following Tuesday night when one of the programs went on the air. Besides editing film, he confers constantly with associates on the shows, dispatches instructions to camera crews in this country and abroad, and makes long-range plans for future shows.

Although he does not appear on the television screen, he makes his presence known emphatically to other departments of the network. Friendly is a man who believes in what he is doing. When he seeks co-operation in his work, he does so vigorously.

He has been described as "high pressure," "flamboyant," "enthusiastic," "talkative," and "abnormally energetic." He has lived for years in the shadow of the celebrated Murrow, but in *CBS Reports* Friendly bears the major responsibility. Murrow is the commentator for about half of this season's programs. Others are Howard K. Smith, Eric Sevareid, and Bill Leonard.

One of the many citations that accompanied awards to Friendly programs described them as "simple, lucid, intelligent analysis." The simplicity is achieved only after painstaking research.

**Seven Months' Planning.** To prepare for *The Year of the Polaris*, the program that began the *CBS Reports* season last October, Friendly sent producer Jack Beck to Cape Canaveral, Fla., seven months before the telecast. Beck observed early Polaris flights at the base. He then went to California where he joined Murrow in Sacramento. There they studied the methods used by technicians of the Aerojet General Corporation to produce the solid propellants employed in the missiles. Later Beck made two more trips to Canaveral and held conferences with Navy security officers in Washington and other Navy representatives in Washington, New York, and New London. His work was closely supervised by Friendly.

Last year, in addition to these programs, Friendly was co-producer, with Murrow, of *Small World*, a series of filmed conversations between outstanding personalities in different parts of the globe. Once, he recalls, Prime Minister Nehru of India was a participant in the show, speaking from Delhi. "The day after he appeared, Nehru addressed a group of students visiting India," Friendly said. "He told them about the program and how the technicians from Delhi to New York started yelling instructions to each other between takes. Then he said, 'I didn't understand it all, but it was fascinating.'"

Another of Friendly's stories involves himself, Murrow, Carl Sandburg, and Dr. Oppenheimer. The four of them went one night to a *See It Now* screening in a projection room located in a building on a dark street on Manhattan's West Side.

After the showing, they started to walk toward a main thoroughfare to hail a taxi. Friendly noticed

that they were being overtaken by a burly-looking man. The producer, assuming the man had recognized one of the others in the group, took up a protective position between them and the intruder. But the stranger, as he caught up with them, ignored the celebrities and exclaimed, "Say, aren't you Fred Friendly?" Unaccustomed to such public recognition, Friendly was confused. He acknowledged his identity but neglected to find out who the visitor was. Murrow, Sandburg, and Oppenheimer found the incident highly entertaining.

Friendly, forty-five years old, is a native of Providence, R.I., where he attended Nichols Business College. In 1937 he became an announcer on radio station WEAN in Providence. There he originated dramatized biographies of Marconi, Edison, and other scientists and inventors. They were released later as a record album, *Footprints in the Sands of Time*.

During his World War II service, as a member of the staff of the *CBI Roundup*, the Army newspaper for the China-Burma-India area, he went on B-29 and P-61 combat missions and rode with the first convoy to travel over the Stilwell Road. He also made a trip to Europe to cover the war there.

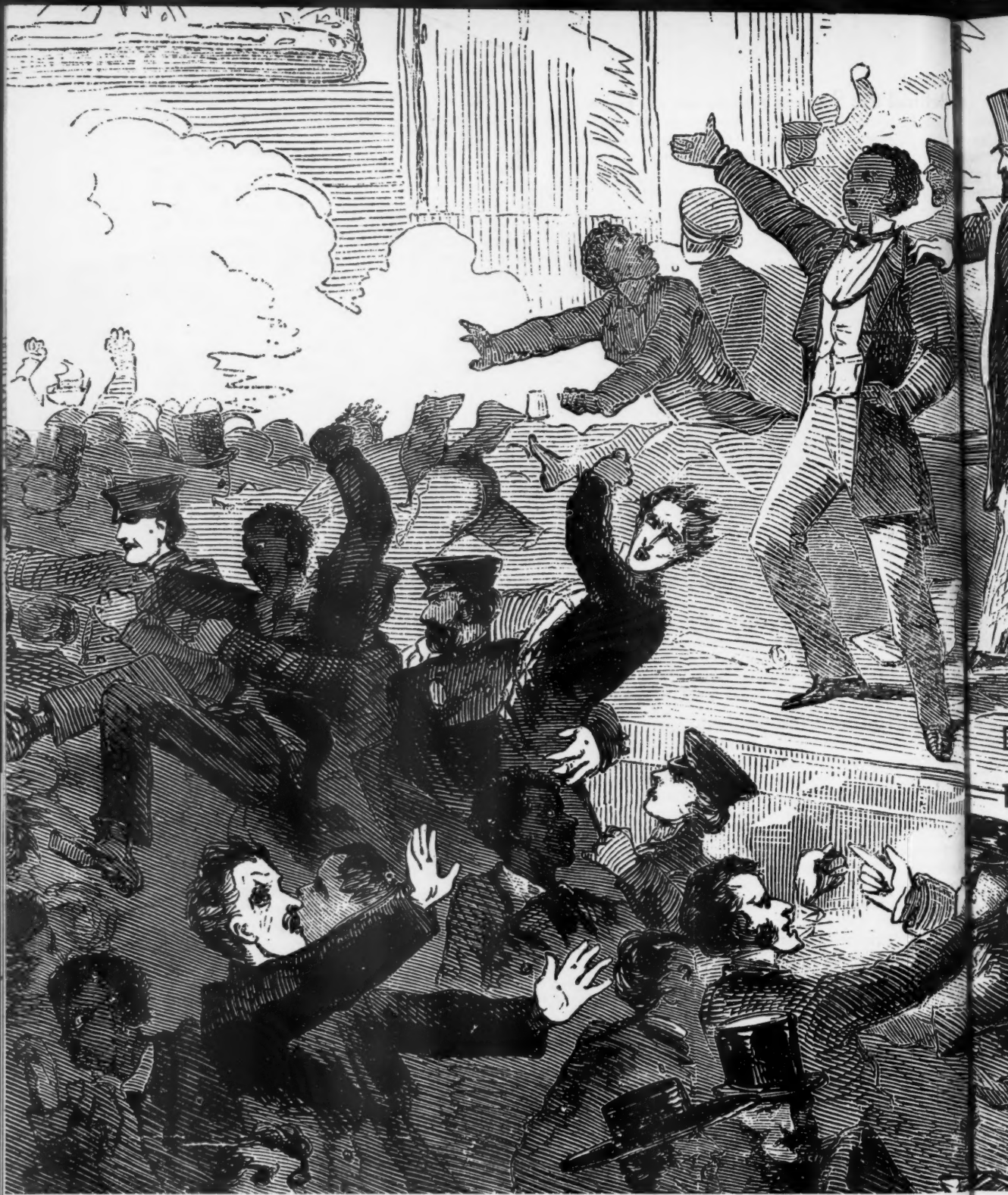
Before he teamed up with Murrow, Friendly and his wife Dorothy were editors and producers of a successful radio program called *Who Said That?* The Friendlys live in New York's Riverdale section with their three young children, Andrew, Lisa, and David. Their home abounds with books on American government and statesmen.

**Quick Look at Educational TV.** Television has disappointed many who saw it as a powerful force in education. In various parts of the country, however, there have been experiments in educational TV that show the value of the medium as a means of overcoming school and teacher shortages. These achievements have been limited in scope, but there is no reason why the cause of educational TV should not be advanced with increasing energy. Before the end of 1961, in fact, there will be in operation a flying classroom—an aircraft carrying taped, classroom lectures that are expected to reach 5,000,000 students in 13,000 schools covering a six-state area.

Among those who have expressed a desire to see further progress in education through television is Bishop John King Mussio, of Steubenville, who said recently: "... the primary end of radio and television is to serve truth and virtue. Isn't this the aim of our educational processes? How tragic it is to have these great media of communication, so closely geared to the aims and methods of our educational system, ignored in the search for a solution to the staggering demands made upon the educational service of today."

Bishop Mussio added that the use of television in education "is not a theoretical or untried method; rather, it is a sound pedagogical approach to the educational needs of our day."

It is encouraging to have someone of Bishop Mussio's stature speaking out in behalf of this modern instrument for education that, up to now, has never approached its real potential. If more authorities joined in a campaign for further educational TV, the medium might take a giant step forward. Instead of numbing the minds of the young, TV could help to open and stimulate them.



★ On the afternoon of Thursday, December 20, 1860, the leading social event in Washington, D.C., was a wedding at one of the finer mansions—obviously an occasion of some éclat, as witness the fact that in the drawing room a special chair was set up for the President of the United States, James Buchanan of Pennsylvania.

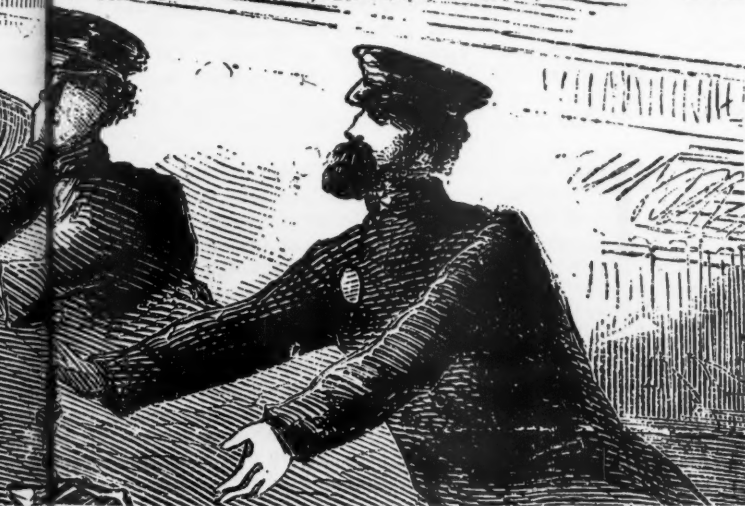
Mr. Buchanan occupied it with practical aplomb, a graying and blandly handsome gentleman who had once aptly described himself as "the Old Public Functionary." To the pretty girls tripping up to pay their respects, the sixty-nine-year-old bachelor announced that in spite of the unprecedented troubles which were besetting the country, he





EXPULSION OF NEGROES AND ABOLITIONISTS FROM

TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON, DEC. 3, 1860 \* A FLASHBACK TO THE EVE OF THE CIVIL WAR



# The Hatred that Split America

BY MILTON LOMASK

"had never enjoyed better health nor a more tranquil spirit."

Mrs. Roger Pryor, beautiful wife of the young representative from Virginia, stood behind his chair, supervising the introductions. The crush in the drawing room was diminishing, flowing off to other parts of the house, when suddenly there was an uproar in the adjoining entrance hall.



"Madame!" The President's face, lifted to Mrs. Pryor, registered anything but tranquillity. "Do you suppose the house is on fire?"

Mrs. Pryor hurried away to investigate.

In the vestibule, she found Congressman Lawrence Keitt of South Carolina, dancing about and waving a telegram. "I feel like a boy let out of school," he shouted. "South Carolina has seceded!"

Mrs. Pryor hurried back to break the news in a low voice. Buchanan was on his feet at the moment of her return. He sat down immediately, groping for the seat of his chair, suddenly a decade older and pale. When his voice came back, it was a groan. "Please," he said, addressing anyone, everyone. "Someone—won't someone call my carriage? I must go."

He went home then, home to the White House to pray that civil war might be staved off at least until March 4 when, under the laws of the land, he could relinquish his high office, turning over to Abraham Lincoln of Illinois the task of presiding over the horrors of national dismemberment. To a New York friend, he wrote that he stood ready to lay down his life "to save the Union." Unfortunately, in the closing days of 1860, what the American people wanted from their chief magistrate was not his life but a quality of leadership equal to the crisis—a quality that the Old Public Functionary could not give because he did not have it.

Thus, a hundred years ago, did the curtain rise on that prologue to tragedy which later historians would call the Secession Winter.

**I**N THE RISING tide of Civil War literature, this turbulent fragment of time has not been neglected. For obvious reasons, it exerts a strong claim on our memory. The events of the Secession Winter shed considerable light on the most hotly disputed question concerning the conflict that followed: Did it have to come? Was it "irrepressible," as one Northern statesman had declared? Even as late as the Secession Winter, could the very real differences between North and South, the very real mutual grievances, have been settled by peaceful means and one of the most terrible bloodlettings in history averted?

The events which by Christmas of 1860 had brought the country to the brink of catastrophe are at once too familiar and too complex to be given more than a few words here.

To go back to remote beginnings, there was nothing about the southern states during colonial times which said they had to confine themselves to a plantation culture as distinct from the diversified industry and equally diversified farming of their sister states in the North. George Washington blissfully envisaged the day when his own Virginia would be "a great center of manufacturing." John C. Miller, in his book *The Origins of the American Revolution*, wryly asserts that much of the Father of His Country's anti-British ardor was the offspring of his conviction that England "was endeavoring to throttle such a development by act of parliament."

Then, in 1793, Massachusetts-born Eli Whitney invented his "gin" and enthroned "King Cotton." A year or so later, the New Orleans creole Etienne Bore proved that sugar cultivation could be profitable. These developments, along with the westward spread of tobacco-growing, committed the South to a limited type of agriculture and to slavery.

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MILTON LOMASK is an author and journalist. His most recent book, just published, *Andrew Johnson, President on Trial* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy), is a superb re-creation of the post-Civil War period. It is reviewed in this issue.

The differing interests of North and South, thus foreshadowed, were soon brought into opposition by the enlargement of the country through the acquisition of the Louisiana Territory in 1803 and subsequent purchases and annexations. As states began to be carved out of these vast new areas, the problem moved into the political arena. It became a matter of preserving a rough balance of power between the Congressional spokesmen for the slave-state South and those representing the free-state North.

The first compromise was struck off in 1820. Missouri came into the Union a slave state; Maine came in free. Simultaneously, Congress declared slavery forever excluded from the Louisiana Territory north of the parallel thirty-six degrees, thirty minutes, the southern boundary of Missouri.

For a while, peace and quiet flowed from the Missouri Compromise, but it had drawn across the middle of the country an imaginary line.

And as time moved on, this line widened into a chasm.

Other compromises followed, the last of them in 1850. Four years later, with the repeal of all previous arrangements, the conflict had produced its first casualty.

The spirit of compromise was dead—dead and buried and fated to remain so until many years after the Civil War.

Into the vacuum created by its demise rolled a storm of emotion, prejudice, and misunderstanding. Violence and ill will became the order of the day. Representative Preston Brooks of slave state Georgia, armed with a gutta-percha cane, invaded the chamber of the United States Senate and laid low Senator Charles Sumner of abolitionist Massachusetts. John Brown went to Harpers Ferry and millions of Southerners and Northerners never felt the same about each other again. Harriet Beecher Stowe published *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, shocking the North with her fictional picture of the evils inherent in human bondage, providing the South with a new term of contempt—"Uncle Tomitude"—to describe the feelings of persons sympathetic to the plight of the slave, and prompting Lincoln, on his first meeting with Mrs. Stowe years later, to utter an unforgettable half-truth: "So this is the little woman who made the great war."

Mrs. Stowe hadn't made it, of course, although she had helped. The honor of "making it," insofar as that can be pinpointed, goes to two groups of fanatics. On the eve of the conflict, these groups, while violently hating one another, were just as violently working toward the same end—the disruption of the Federal Union.

**T**HE NORTHERN FANATICS were composed of such abolitionists as Wendell Phillips and certain stalwarts of the recently formed Republican party. Driving them was a motive that was worthy in itself, the abolition of slavery. But, seeing no way of uprooting slavery from the South, many of these gentlemen during the Secession Winter were advocating that the Cotton States simply be allowed to secede.

Convening in Boston, the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society passed resolutions to that effect. Expatriating on this position in January, Wendell Phillips rolled out some of the colloquial eloquence which for a quarter of a century had made him the most effective antislavery orator in America.

"Sacrifice everything for the Union?" Phillips shouted at his Boston audience. "God forbid! Sacrifice everything to keep South Carolina in it? . . . Let her march off . . . and Egypt will rejoice that she has departed."

If by "Egypt" Phillips had in mind the three million slaves of the South, it is difficult to see how South Carolina's "marching off" could have freed a single one of them. For three decades, the Abolitionists had wielded the mighty weapon of moral indignation. Now suddenly, in a spate of words and resolutions, they tossed indignation to the winds

and brandished in its place the toothpick of personal squeamishness.

"Who cares about the Negro?" Wendell Phillips was saying in effect. Let the South depart, he was saying, and take with her the evil institution of human bondage. Let her go, help her go—anything to get her out of our midst so that we nice people are no longer contaminated! Such Republican leaders as Senator Sumner and Salmon Portland Chase were saying the same thing. "Let the erring sisters go in peace," said Republican Horace Greeley, founder-editor of the *New York Tribune*.

The Southern fanatics, fittingly termed the "Fire Eaters," were a small but articulate group of secessionists who seized on the distemper of the times to further long-nurtured dreams of Southern independence.

Their major spokesman, often called the "Father of Secession," was Robert Barnwell Rhett of South Carolina, a man of impeccable personal character, a natural-born incendiary, proprietor, with his son, of the *Charleston Mercury*—the most powerful newspaper in the ante-bellum

The motives of the Fire Eaters? To this day it would be difficult to find two historians or even two Civil War "buffs" who would answer that query in precisely the same way.

A prime motive, unquestionably, was the desire to preserve the institution of slavery. More exactly, as the historian Allan Nevins has so tellingly pointed out, it was a refusal to face up to the difficult social readjustments that emancipation would require. Considerable evidence exists for the viewpoint of Senator Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, leader of the South's antisecession forces. According to Johnson, the Fire Eaters were actuated by a fear of the growing power of the people. Rhett and his followers believed that they could insulate the South against this development by cutting it off from the North, where the popular voice was strongest. "I am for putting down the rebellion," Johnson would say in the midst of the conflict itself, "because it is a war against democracy."

Whatever their motives, the fanatics were furiously busy during the decade preceding the Civil War. Back and forth, across the imaginary line, they hurled tons of what later generations would call propaganda. Wendell Phillips labeled the South "one vast brothel." Rhett, through his newspaper, replied that the North was one vast conspiracy aimed at fomenting slave insurrections and at depriving the people of the Cotton Kingdom "of liberty, property, home, country—everything that makes life worth having."

As the fateful presidential election campaign of 1860 shaped up, the North—in the words of an Ohio preacher—was glaring across the imaginary line at "a misrepresented South" and the South was glaring back at "a caricature of the North."

It was a great day for the fanatics of the North and the South when the Democratic party split over the slavery issue and put up two candidates, thus ensuring the election of Lincoln on a platform calling on Congress to prohibit any further extension of slavery into the territories. Such a move, the Southern leaders decided (correctly, no doubt), would put the institution of slavery itself on the road to extinction. Within two months after the election of Lincoln, South Carolina was out of the Union, other Southern states were preparing to follow

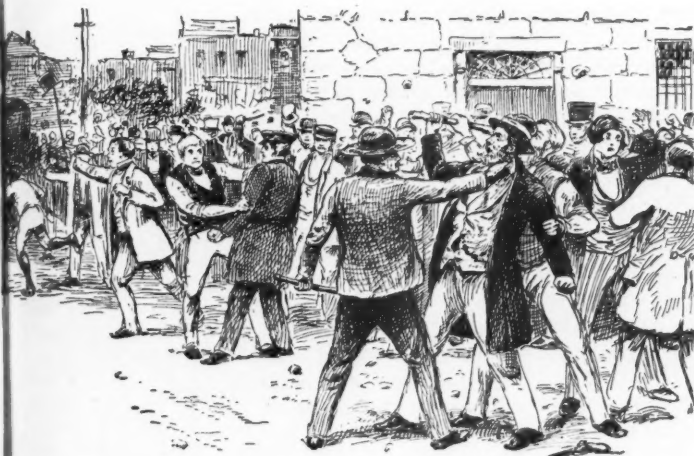
her lead, and the Secession Winter was under way.

It was a winter of incredible confusion. Throughout the North, men grappled with questions as old as the Union itself. Did a state have a right to secede? If a state did "march off," rightly or wrongly, was there anything the Federal Government could do about it?

To twentieth-century Americans, bred on the outcome of the Civil War, such questions may seem academic. But they were meat and drink to the Americans of 1860-61. After all, since the adoption of the Constitution, practically every state at one time or another had threatened to secede.

As South Carolina pulled out, a fever of disunion swept the entire nation. Congressman John C. Burch of California urged his state to join with neighboring territories in an independent empire. There were reports in the *New York Times* of "a great middle confederation to be called the 'Central United States' or the 'Federal Republic of Washington'" and to consist of eight Northern and Border states and the Northwest Territory. New York City was rife with talk of converting that metropolis into a free city, a movement

(Continued on page 72)



Abolitionists rescue a fugitive slave in pre-Civil War days

South, owner of two plantations, master of 190 slaves. Informed that the people of the South neither understood nor sympathized with his extreme views, Rhett retorted with characteristic explosiveness.

"Whoever waited for the common people when a great movement was to be made?" he demanded. "We must make the move and force them to follow. That is the way of all revolutions and all great achievements."

And that was pretty much how it was done. Only in Texas were the people of the South given an opportunity to vote directly on the question of leaving the Union. The Texans voted three to one for secession. But the significance of the result was blurred by the fact that they were furious with the Federal Government for failing to give them what they deemed adequate protection against the Indians. In Tennessee, last of the eleven states to "march off," the people went to the polls, but only for the purpose of confirming a *fait accompli*—the state's secessionist governor and legislature having already, for all practical purposes, removed Tennessee from the Union and attached her to the Confederacy.

## THE SIGN'S PEOPLE OF THE MONTH

It was one of those talks that a chairman praises as "challenging." The P.T.A. meeting in Evanston, Ill., listened attentively as the Catholic chaplain of the Cook County jail described the job plight of men discharged from jail. "Many of these men," the chaplain said, "drift back to crime simply because they can't find a job anywhere."

Two persons at the meeting were John and Dorothy Drish, the parents of six children and Christian Family Movement leaders in the Chicago area. Like many others who heard the talk, Dorothy Drish said, "Somebody ought to do something about that." John agreed, "Yes, they certainly should." Gradually, it dawned on them to change the pronouns to the first person, "*We* should do something about it."

They did. They contacted a few friends and strangers, and three years ago they formed a group which they named the Citizens Committee for Employment, which includes seventeen key leaders from business, labor, government, and social welfare groups. Through part-time and volunteer effort, the committee has found jobs for one hundred men. Of these, only one has been fired—because of poor work, not criminal misconduct.

Even this modest success was achieved only by surmounting a big wall of skepticism. During interviews, the prisoners looked at John Drish and his volunteers and cynically asked, "What's in it for you?" (Tired of explaining his motives, Drish once replied, "Lower taxes if we don't have to take care of you another term.") Prison authorities welcomed the Drishes' enthusiasm, but some thought it would fizzle out after a few months. Social agencies were especially dubious, since the project has neither a budget nor a trained professional staff. The committee's interviewers and testers, however, are trained, most of them volunteers, from the Junior Association of Commerce.

The genius of the Drishes' enterprise is its ability to recruit the help of the most "unlikely" people. One housewife, for example, has become a specialist in getting to see busy company personnel officials.

These sales talks help the committee in its long-range goal: to persuade companies to review their hiring policies toward ex-prisoners.

Personnel men contacted by the committee often have been very sympathetic but reported that, in the absence of a clear-cut policy by their companies, they would continue to bar ex-prisoners. The committee is working to persuade top-level management to lay down a flexible policy on ex-prisoners.

"The committee's job," says John Drish, "is to put itself out of business—by getting industry, unions, and the government to fulfill their responsibilities." Meanwhile, John devotes many Saturdays and lunch hours to the work, supplemented by a day or two each week of Dorothy's time.

John and Dorothy Drish have a wide range of other apostolic activities. For instance, they're members of the national executive board of the Christian Family Movement. Seven years ago, they started serving as moderators of a group of student nurses and developed a program that has budded into a national movement—the Young Christian Nurses. Also, for the past six years, they have had a foreign-exchange high-school student living at their home.

These activities would presumably be a career in themselves for most people, but Drish's main job is division traffic manager of the Illinois Bell Telephone Company, Chicago. Illinois Bell, for which he has worked since 1941, sent him to the University of Pennsylvania in 1955 for a ten-month program in the Institute of Humanistic Studies. For a man trained in electric engineering, as Drish was at the University of Illinois, this program opened new vistas in diverse fields such as psychology, fiction, and art.

The Drishes' lives indicate that there is no necessary conflict between personal responsibility and the so-called organization man. They do most of their work, apostolic and otherwise, in and through organizations. "Maybe it's the athlete in me—the need to work together with others," says Drish, who today at forty still has an athletic build.

The husband and wife regard the training they received in the Christian Family Movement as invaluable. "If it hadn't been for C.F.M.," says Dorothy, "we'd probably have looked at the prisoners' problem and said, 'Interesting, but what's it got to do with us?'"

The  
Drishes  
Go  
to  
Jail





KUERSTEN-PIX

John and Dorothy Drish on one of their visits to Cook County Jail, Chicago, to interview prisoners for jobs



# **Flight to Lissalea**

**By Maura Laverty**

*She had retreated into her  
own private world and  
walled herself off  
from the son she loved.*

*How could she escape  
from her self-made prison?*



ILLUSTRATED BY ED YOUNG

To hear Nance Regan tell the story, one would think that she alone was to be thanked for the joy which came to the Mulveys that Christmas.

Disputation was never one of Mary Mulvey's failings. She did not bother to contradict Nance. Indeed, she was very willing to acknowledge that Nance's expert midwifery and Dr. Mooney's kindly skill played their part in giving a happy ending to what might have been a sorry story. But Mary knew that her real savior was Johnny Fortycoats, the hungry beggarman who came to her that Christmas Eve. Afterward, her heart often quickened in gratitude for the perception which enabled her to penetrate Johnny's ragged disguise and to recognize in the wanderer she had so often befriended a soul-brother of the shining vision who came to warn the sleeping Joseph. Mary Mulvey had no doubt at all that it was Johnny Fortycoats who inspired her flight from the leering legions of pride and bitterness, that it was Johnny who guided her out of the frozen wastes to



which she had exiled herself after her quarrel with her son, Martin, and Martin's wife, Celia. Johnny it was who led her back into the peace and warmth of loving.

Mary was in no way taken aback that leaden December afternoon when Johnny came to her at the mean house in the mean Dublin street where she had lived since her hysterical departure from Lissalea. Eighty-five long miles of road and eight months of loneliness stretched between No. 2, Acacia Street, Dublin, and the beech-screened, Wexford farmhouse where Mary had been taken as Tim Mulvey's bride. Old acquaintance with Johnny Fortycoats had taught Mary that his roving feet were as likely to take him to Dublin today as to Donegal tomorrow.

"God save you, ma'am," was Johnny's greeting.

"Johnny, you're welcome! And after all these months. Come in out of the cold."

"Below in Lissalea, they gave me your address. After your goodness to me all these years, I couldn't pass through Dublin and not bring you my wish. A happy Christmas to you, Mrs. Mulvey."

THE old man followed her into her cheerless, rented kitchen. She settled him in a chair by the inadequate fire. "I can't get used to city fires, Johnny," she apologized.

"The coal is a poor substitute for turf," Johnny agreed. "And you were always one for a roaring fire. 'Heat beats meat,' that's what you said the first time I stood on your floor."

Mary marveled, "Fancy remembering after all these years. That was thirty years ago."

"It was, and more. Sure, Martin was only a year old."

And Mary was a widow of thirty-one, still numbed by the tragedy of her husband's death three weeks before. To have lost Tim in decent natural death would have been bearable. What she found impossible to accept was the shocking pointlessness of her husband's ending under the wheels of Matt Mulholland's car. At the inquest, they had exonerated Matt. Through the maze of words in the courtroom, phrases had reached her ear, "contributory negligence . . . unavoidable accident." But all this meant nothing to Mary, who had heard only the shouting of her heart: *My Tim would still be alive if Matt Mulholland hadn't been tearing along the road in his car. Matt Mulholland murdered my husband!*

Then, Johnny had been a young man and new to the roads. The mental weakness which had driven him from the monastery had not yet produced the

oddities of gait and manner which, later, were to make some people judge him mad. Mary had invited him into the house for a meal. He had played with Martin, she remembered. And as he ate, they had talked. To the gaunt stranger, she had found herself talking as she had talked to no one since Tim's death. "You've a good brave heart," Johnny had comforted her. "You'll have no trouble in making out."

Mary Mulvey held a match to the gas stove and put the filled kettle to boil. "Tell me, Johnny: when did you last eat?"

"I forget, ma'am." He held his hands to the fire's reluctant flicker. "But I'm not hungry."

"Still, you'd manage a couple of eggs," Mary insisted.

"Well, if it's not too much trouble. I've learned by now that it's only a waste of breath asking you to boil just one egg for me. You always said that the only right way to cook an egg is with another."

Again, Johnny's smile illumined his weathered face. It lit the kitchen with

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• The trouble with people who drink like fish is—they don't drink what fish drink.  
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— People Magazine

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a brightness which owed nothing to the bare electric bulb. It was a brightness which brought Mary a quick glimpse of the trout pool below Lissalea with the leaf-filtered sun of summer dappling the water's lucent flow. In sudden panic, she blacked out the picture. To dwell on the trout stream would be to see a ten-year-old Martin swinging proudly home along the bank, bearing to her in triumph his first catch. If she let herself dwell on that picture, she might find herself turning over the whole album of pictures captured by her heart throughout the happy years when she and Martin had been all in all to each other. That was before Celia wheedled him away from me. Before my son's love was stolen from me by the girl he should have hated. To look at those happy pictures was dangerous. They threatened the icy defenses she had erected against Martin.

Johnny was the first to break the silence. With a crooked and grimy forefinger, he touched a letter on the chimney piece. "Martin's handwriting," he commented. "I'd know it anywhere. Big and open and generous like Martin himself. They were telling me they wrote asking you to come home for Christmas."

"That's right," Mary said shortly. She marveled anew at Johnny's childlike inability to accept taboos. "Not, of course, that I have any intention of going."

"That's a pity, then," Johnny commented mildly. "I always felt that there's no place like Lissalea at Christmas time."

Ah, don't I know it? Mary's heart cried. Christmas had always been very special for Martin and her. The joyous ritual went back to Martin's first realization of the meaning of Christmas. No other house in the parish hung out so many welcome signs for the Child—the year-by-year-enriched Crib on the upstairs landing, the thick holly ropes in hall and kitchen, the yard-high candle in the kitchen window, and the biggest, best-decked tree in all the county standing in the parlor. And, final, lovely item in the lovely catalogue, the well-lit holly wreath hanging in the fanlight over the tall, front door. Unlike the other things which, like the Christmas food, were provided primarily to gladden Martin, the wreath in the fanlight was recognized as her own special Christmas insignia.

"With that candle in the kitchen window, Christmas shines from the back of the house," she had explained to her son. "But I like Christmas to shine from the front as well. Without the wreath in the fanlight, I'd feel that something was lacking." Giving the wreath its place of honor had been troublesome. It meant dragging the ladder from the tool shed. It meant much climbing up and down, until the wreath hung just right and its outlining rope of fairy lights functioned properly. Since he was twelve years old, Martin had been hanging the wreath for her.

With a start, she returned to the joyless present. "What's that, Johnny?"

"I was only saying that they tell me they've written you many a time begging you to come home."

THAT WAS true. Her first remittance had come from the solicitor. With the second check had come a letter from Martin. "Wouldn't you come home, Mother? Celia and I hate to think of you living up there by yourself." A couple of months later, he had written, "Now that Celia is expecting, she'd be grateful for the help and company of a mother." Mary had replied briefly, "I'm staying where I am, thank you."

Johnny said, "You can rest assured, ma'am, that when you go home to Lissalea, you'll find all your lovely china and things without mark or blemish. Celia gives your things the very best of care and attention."

Mary faced the old man squarely. "Listen to me, Johnny," she began. She was annoyed with her voice for its trembling. "You and I have been friends a long time. If we're to stay friends, you'll keep that scheming, conniving creature out of our talk."

"There will never be a lessening of friendship between you and me," Johnny said with simple certainty. He rubbed the stubble on his chin. "And I mentioned no scheming conniver, ma'am. The girl I'm talking about is sweet and decent and gentle. She is your son's lovely wife, Mrs. Mulvey. She is your own grand, little daughter-in-law."

FOR EIGHT LONELY months, Mary had brooded on her wrongs. Now, her bitterness erupted in a lava-flow of angry words. "Isn't she the last girl in Ireland I'd want for a daughter-in-law?" she demanded passionately. "Isn't she Ceila Mulholland—the daughter of a murderer? Martin had neither shame nor decency to let himself be wheedled into marriage by the daughter of the blackguard who murdered his father. And if she isn't a sly schemer, will you tell me why I was the last woman in the parish to know what was going on?"

She felt again the shock of that April evening when Martin had come to her with Celia. "Our banns are being called on Sunday, Mother. Try to forgive us for not telling you before. Anyway, Celia and I love each other. We'll be getting married in three weeks' time."

It was then she had said the biting, cruel things which had sent Celia away in tears. Martin had hurried after her. When he had returned, Mary had her cases packed. "If you'll drive me to the station, I'll go now," she announced implacably. On the way, they had discussed financial arrangements. "I'll take the money," she had told him shortly. "I've earned it."

Now, the memory of her years of hard work brought a spasm of self-pity. "No one knows better than yourself, Johnny, the way I had to slave to keep the place together after that one's father made a widow of me." Her voice trembled again.

Like a surgeon at a blood-letting, Johnny Fortycroats had sat in silent patience, now and then nodding his head in a way that was almost approving. And there was satisfaction as well as pity in his words when Mary gave way to her tears. "Cry away, alanna," he advised, as if to a child. When she had had her cry, he said, "Look at me, Mary." Never had the candor of his eyes been so dazzling. Her mind made no wonder of the fact that for the first

time in their long friendship he addressed her with familiarity. "Have I ever given you wrong counsel, Mary?"

"Never once, Johnny."

"There were times when what I had to say gave you annoyance. The times, for instance, when I tried to make you see that you weren't being fair to Martin." His then resented words came back to her. *For a mother to be the center of her son's life is only right and natural when the son is a child. But for strength and manhood, growing up should mean growing away.*

Johnny looked at her consideringly. "You're a woman who has always taken a rightful pride in honest dealing." Mary's head reared proudly. The old man asked, "Isn't it high time, then, that you stopped being dishonest about your reasons for not welcoming Celia Mulholland?"

Mary felt trapped. She wanted to break away from that mild and steady regard which was leading her gently but remorselessly to a door she had hoped never to open. Behind the door were things she preferred to leave undisturbed. The things which, for so many years, she had been bundling away, unexamined and unacknowledged. She pleaded, "Can't you leave me in peace, Johnny?"

Patiently, he explained, "Sure, it's peace I want for you, Mary. But there will be no peace for you, God help you, until you face up to the fact that it isn't because she's Matt Mulholland's daughter that you object to Celia. When your husband was killed, you called Matt a murderer. That was wrong, but it was forgivable. The frenzy of a sudden bereavement makes people say wild things. But when the grief is past, as yours passed, the wildness passes too. Only a lunatic persists in delusions born out of a long dead sorrow." The man some called mad shook his head. "You are no lunatic, Mary Mulvey. After the first shock was over, you knew as well as I knew, as well as the coroner and all Wexford knew, that it wasn't murder but misfortune that guided Matt Mulholland's car that night. Mary, alanna, what was your real reason for refusing to live in Lissalea with Martin's wife?"

Now, the door was opening. In a last attempt to escape what she knew awaited her, she cried, "Why should I demean myself by staying with them? Why should I pocket my pride and return to that house?"

"Because you need them," Johnny said simply. "And your need of them is far greater than their need of you. Oh, they love you and they want you. And a blind man could see that Celia needs your help down there—the run-

ning of a place like Lissalea is too heavy a job for a young and inexperienced girl, especially a girl in Celia's condition. But they're young and in love and they have each other. You have nobody but them. Evict them from your heart and you'll be desolate."

Little you know of my desolation. She wanted to cry. You, a childless man, know nothing of the desolation of the mother who is estranged from her child. Dully, she said, "I never evicted Martin from my heart. I never could."

Johnny said, "And there's room in your heart for Martin's wife. And for the little child."

Mention of the child brought a quick sob. She confessed. "Every time I pass a wool shop, I have to turn my head away. I get such a longing to be knitting things for the child. If only his mother wasn't Celia Mulholland, I'd welcome him gladly."

"That's a lie, Mary Mulvey." The unaccustomed sternness was a shock. "Look into yourself, woman. Be honest." The sternness went out of his voice and he pleaded kindly, "Be wise, alanna. Face your real reason for walking out of Lissalea."

The door swung wide open. Now there was no escaping the ugly things she had hidden, no getting out of handling and labeling the rank harvest of the years. The grudges, the spites, the resentments—they were all there. And each one was part of the answer that Johnny was forcing from her. She saw her hatred of the long-dead woman, Tim's mother, that purse-proud woman whose refusal to accept a penniless daughter-in-law had cost Mary and Tim seven years of waiting.

SIDE BY SIDE with her hatred of Tim's mother, she saw the companion pieces of that hatred—her resentment of Tim's weakness in not making a stand against his mother's domination, her own sour realization of what the long wait had done to their love. For the first time since Tim's death, she saw her marriage as the failure it had been. Half to herself, she said, "I built up into a big romance a marriage that both of us were too weary with waiting to want. I fooled myself that it was heartbreak I felt when Tim was killed. But it was only pity—pity for him and his sudden end, pity for myself with so much work and worry before me."

"This rattling of dead bones is only a waste of time, Mary," Johnny said. "It's the living you should be concerned with. Ask yourself where you made your mistake with Martin."

"It wasn't one mistake but many," she admitted heavily. "My first mistake

was in looking on the child as a consolation prize. From the hour he was born, I thought to use him to compensate myself for the disappointments of my marriage."

Johnny mused, "It's only natural, I suppose, for a mother to be jealous when she first discovers that she must take second place. But a wise woman will accept her new rating with dignity."

**A**ND THERE it was, the last and ugliest of the ugly things; her searing, blinding jealousy of the girl Martin had married. She forced herself to look at it long and steadily. As she looked, the jealousy dwindled and dimmed until it was no bigger and of no more substance than a withered leaf.

She whispered, "I walked out of Lissalea because I'm a stupid, stubborn, jealous, old woman." The admission was like the dropping of a burden.

Said Johnny as he had said to her once before, "You've a good, brave heart. You'll have no trouble in making out."

"But, will they ever forgive me?" she whispered. "Johnny, what should I do?"

"Well, for a start, you could make this a happy Christmas for everyone by going back to Lissalea tonight."

Now that the icy barricades were down, happy excitement glowed in her. She glanced at the clock. "I could do it—the train doesn't leave for another forty minutes. I'll do it, Johnny. I can hire Jack Ryan's car to take me out to Lissalea. Oh, if only I had given in to Martin when he wanted to put in a telephone."

"What matter, girl? The surprise will make your welcome all the bigger." As sly as a boy, he darted toward the door. "And I'll be getting a taxi for you while you're throwing a few things together."

Dusk had given way to dark night when Jack Ryan's car rattled to a halt at the gates of Lissalea. "Are you sure you wouldn't like me to take you up the drive, ma'am?"

"Not at all, Jack, thanks. Sure, it's only a few steps." She could not have borne an outsider witnessing her meeting with Celia and Martin.

When she turned the corner of the drive, she saw the holly wreath. Entwined with fairy lights, it hung in her own chosen place in the fanlight. The sight banished the misgivings which had assailed her during the journey. Welcome home, the wreath said. Here, where you belong, there is love for you. Quickly, she walked the last few steps to the door.

But the door was not opened to her knocking. She knocked a second

time. Still there was silence. Only then did she notice that Martin's car was missing from its accustomed parking place at the right of the door.

Then, she heard the slow, labored steps approaching along the hall. The steps came nearer. Mary had to stifle a cry as she heard their painful slowness punctuated by gasping moans.

At last, the door was opened. Mary's ready and capable arms reached out for the white-faced girl who came to her with thankfulness. To her dying day, Mary Mulvey was to treasure that moment. In spite of her consternation and solicitude, her heart registered with a shock of joy that Celia came to her with grateful relief.

"Thank God," Celia whispered. "Thank God you've come, Mrs. Mulvey. I was frightened. Now I'm not frightened any more."

Mary half-helped, half-carried her daughter-in-law into the warm kitchen. Tenderly, she sat her in the big, cushioned armchair by the fire. "When, childie?" she asked urgently. "When did the pains start?"

"About half-an-hour ago." Celia bit her lip as a spasm racked her. When it passed, she gasped, "And the baby's not due till the beginning of February."

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• *Heredity: Something you believe in if you have a bright child.*  
— *Irish Digest*

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"And Martin?"

"Gone to Dublin to try to persuade you to come home. He left around six o'clock." Celia's face became a small, white mask of anxiety. "If anything happens to the baby, I'll never forgive myself. Oh, Mrs. Mulvey, I did such a foolish thing."

"All girls do foolish things, Celia. What did you do, daughter?"

"I thought—if you came back with Martin it would be nice if you found the holly wreath hanging where Martin was telling me you always liked to have it. When I was coming down after fixing it, the ladder slipped and I fell. Mrs. Mulvey, mother, will the baby be all right?"

Mary had to wait a second before she could trust herself to speak. "Of course the baby will be all right, darling, you'll see. A month or five weeks makes no difference one way or another. Celia, love, I'm going to leave you now for a minute." The girl's thin fingers tightened on Mary's work-broadened hand. Gently, Mary disengaged herself. "It's only for a minute, Celia. I'll just chase down to Mrs. Burke at the gate and get her to send one of the children for nurse Regan and Doctor Mooney. And

when I come back, I'll get you into bed. You won't know yourself once you're safe in bed with a hot bottle to your feet and a nice cup of tea."

Two hours later, Mary herself was drinking a well-earned cup of tea when she heard Martin's key in the door. "Hi, Celia," he called as he came down the hall. "I had my trip for nothing. Celia. The house was empty. Maybe if we went up together tomorrow—" He broke off when he came into the kitchen and saw his mother. Unbelievably, he looked from her to the baby clothes airing at the fire. There were a few stunned seconds before he realized the implications of the small garments, before his ears registered strange footsteps overhead. In quick alarm, he cried, "Celia, mother! Is she—" He made for the stairs.

"Not yet, Martin." Mary checked him. "Don't go up yet, son. The doctor and nurse are still with her. But she's grand, Martin—and so is the baby. A lovely, perfect, little boy. Six-and-a-half pounds. Doctor Mooney says he never saw a sturdier child. He promised he'd call as soon as they're ready."

Martin dropped into a chair. With a well-remembered gesture of bewilderment, he rubbed the back of his head. "But why tonight, mother? What made him come before his time?"

"Could he have chosen a better night, son? And as to what brought him here five weeks before his time—well, the answer to that is kindness, Celia's kindness. She'll tell you about it herself." Now, at last, she began to feel the effects of this eventful day. Tiredly, she stretched out her hand. "Will you forgive me, Martin?" she said humbly.

For answer, he hugged her. "There's no call for that kind of foolish talk. You're my good mother, and I love you."

**T**HEY HEARD Doctor Mooney's voice calling from the head of the stairs. "There's a strange man in the house. Would any of you like to meet him?"

Martin caught her arm. "Come on, Mother. Let's go up and say hello to the new Mulvey."

But Mary drew back. "No, son," she said firmly and happily. "Go on up yourself. I've a few odds and ends to do down here. Tell Celia I'll be up presently. And kiss her and thank her for me," she called after him, as he took the stairs four at a time.

Mary gathered the cups and took them to the sink. She knew now that having to take second place need not bother a woman. It was like what the angels said about peace. All one needed was good will.



# Football's Modest JOE BELLINO

He's modest, all right,  
but Bellino is one

of the greatest football  
players of all time

BY RED SMITH



It is a reckless suggestion, but it seems just barely possible that the corn borer or earworm or some such influence is at work on American sports pages, substantially reducing their yield of Golden Bantam. There appears no other way to explain the fact that in his three violent seasons as an upper-case football star, no Shakespeare of the sweaty arts referred to Joe Bellino—late of Winchester, Mass., soon of the Marine Corps, and currently of the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis, Md.—as The Winchester Rifle.

The football season is over now, but the chances are Bellino is still on the banquet circuit gumming vulcanized chicken, dutifully uncovering a mouthful of teeth at each musty joke by the toastmaster, and accepting with graceful humility an assortment of plaques,

scrolls, trophies, and cups testifying to his excellence as a halfback for Navy.

Nobody ever earned his indigestion more fairly. Nobody ever merited the hardware more fully. It's a long haul from Red Grange to Joe Bellino, and we don't get many of their kind in between. Now he is done with children's games. It was a privilege to have watched the guy.

When Joe was a high school senior, he had feelers or outright offers from about sixty colleges. He had no trouble narrowing them down to two—West Point and Annapolis. Then the choice got tough.

He was a guest on the Army bench at the 1955 Navy game in Philadelphia. He loved it. This was the stuff he had read and dreamed about—the vast crowd in Municipal Stadium, the pomp

and pageantry of the marching cadets and midshipmen, the undergraduate capers before the game and between halves, especially the smashing combat.

It was, Joe would have told you in his New England accents, an "ahful" good game. At the start, Navy trampled Army but managed to score only one touchdown. In the third quarter, Army came ripping back to take a lead of 7 to 6, and, in the fourth period, West Point scored again to win, 14 to 6.

In the excitement, Bellino got lost from his military hosts. He wound up in the Bellevue Stratford Hotel, Navy headquarters, surrounded by charming gentlemen from Annapolis who were charmed in turn by this shy, quiet kid whose muscles strained the seams of his Sunday suit.

He had gone down to Philadelphia as

a prospective plebe at West Point. He went back to Winchester destined for a life on the bounding main.

He had grown a good deal by the time Army scouts saw him again. He was carrying the ball for Navy then, and though he never got tall he did get solid—a sinewy 185 pounds on a chassis measuring five-feet-nine.

Red Blaik, the West Point coach, gave only one order to his All-American guard, Bob Novogratz, before the Navy game of 1958: "Bellino is your responsibility. Eat him." When Army and Navy met, Joe spent most of the afternoon on his sternum with Novogratz sitting on his head. Army won, 22 to 6.

A year later, the Cadets encountered Bellino again. This time, as they say around the race track, "they never seen which way he went." He scored three touchdowns as Navy romped, 43 to 12, and it could have been four. No Annapolis back ever scored four touchdowns in an Army game. In a huddle at the goal line, Joe Tranchini, the quarterback, called the signal that could have given Bellino an all-time record.

"Wait a minute, Joe," Bellino said. "I've had mine. How about Ron?"

So they gave the ball to Ron Brandquist for the score.

In 1960, Bellino scored three touchdowns in the first half against the Air Force Academy. Almost literally, his scalp was at stake here. A few days before the game, Joe had been getting a haircut in Bancroft Hall and Leon Ross, the barber, had been needling him. They wound up with a bet: If Navy won by 30 points and Bellino scored three touchdowns, Joe could shave off one side of Leon's mustache; if not, Joe would sit still while Leon's clippers hacked nature-trails through his dark hair.

Now it was the second half and Joe's bet was won. (He claimed his rights and shaved one side of Leon's lip as bare as a baby's conscience.) Hal Spooner, the quarterback, picked a play that could have sent Bellino over the Air Force goal line for the fourth time.

"Hold it, Hal," Bellino said. "Let's let Mat have this one." So Spooner called on Joe Matalavage, the fullback, for that score.

You tell these stories, and it sounds like *noblesse oblige*, as though the lord of the manor were carelessly flinging a boon to someone less favored than he. In truth it isn't that way at all.

After one of the early games of the 1960 season, sports writers visited the Navy locker room. Bellino was just out of the shower and toweling himself. Matalavage, pulling his pants on, spoke up.

"This guy is the greatest football player in the country, and don't let him

tell you any different. Trouble with Joe is, he's too modest."

The great thing about this kid is that he doesn't pretend that he is unaware of his fame, doesn't pretend that it isn't pleasant, and doesn't presume upon it. Before the Army game, somebody mentioned his press notices and he confessed he hadn't time to read them. "But I will," he said quickly, "after the season is over."

Presumably he has read them by now, but they couldn't tell him anything he didn't already know. Joe has been accustomed to attention for a long time now. As a college catcher, he received bonus offers up to \$60,000 from big league baseball.

Joe has a lot of brothers and sisters. Their father works in a gelatine factory in Boston. It is abusing the obvious to observe that \$60,000 is a substantial sum to people in their circumstances. Joe hadn't the heart to turn that kind of money down on his own. He called a family conference.

They're a close-knit, Catholic family. Asked to decide whether Joe should go on with his Navy career or play professional baseball, they brushed off the \$60,000 just as though they had that kind of money.

Joe approved the decision, partly because his heart is set on a Navy career, partly because he can take a detached view of himself as an athlete.

"I can play college baseball," he had said, "but my arm isn't real good, maybe not good enough for a big league catcher. Also, I beat out a lot of infield hits in college, which wouldn't be hits in the big league."

Thus Bellino rates himself as a baseball player, but when it comes to football there is testimony from others.

"The only offense we need," the Navy coach, Wayne Hardin, has said, "is somebody to hand the ball to Bellino."

"Bellino compares favorably with any halfback in college today," says Keith Molesworth, the old quarterback of the Chicago Bears who has scouted 2,000 players for the Baltimore Colts.

"He hasn't great size or speed, but every team tries to defense for him alone, and it's remarkable what he can do when they gang up on him. He's strong, built close to the ground, and has the legs of a weight-lifter. He never runs at top speed unless he has to. He hits inside tackle where the traffic is heavy, and he can ballet along the sideline outside the ends."

Says Jim Owens whose University of Washington team was beaten by Navy, 15 to 14: "He makes you look like you don't practice tackling much."

Ernie Hefferle, Boston College coach: "The greatest weapon in football today."

Against Pennsylvania, Bellino was going downfield as a pass receiver. Cliff Montgomery, the old Columbia player, whistled him down for pushing a defender out of his way. "When I called him for offensive interference," Montgomery said, "the Midshipmen in the stands gave me the business. Joe came over and told me I'd made the right call, the only time in my life a player told me I was right to penalize him."

They asked Wayne Hardin: What great player of the past would he compare Bellino to?

"Well," Hardin said, and he thought awhile. "Why not say he reminds us of Bellino? There's nobody like him. If he doesn't make All-America, then this game isn't on the level."

IN THE SIGN NEXT MONTH

## IT HAPPENED TO ME

*An Unwed Mother's Own Story*

?

## WHAT IS A BISHOP

*His life, authority, and duty explained in a nine-page picture story*

# STAGE AND SCREEN

BY JERRY COTTER

## ★ Buoyant Legend

Molly Tobin Brown, who made her way from a Colorado cabin to international society and then back again, is the subject of **THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN**, a mildly entertaining musical comedy. With Tammy Grimes as the indomitable lady, a score by Meredith Wilson, a warm-hearted book by Richard Morris, and an opulent Theater Guild production, this should have been better than it is.

Though she was born in a mountain shanty, Molly was a snob, and when her young husband struck it rich, she set out to conquer Denver society. When she failed, the next goal was Europe, where her honest, lusty personality intrigued the international set. In time she returns to her patient spouse, sailing on the "Titanic." In the crisis, Molly's unquenchable courage comes to the fore, and she takes command of a lifeboat, gun in hand.

Tammy Grimes is properly energetic, and Harve Presnell makes an impressive debut as her husband. Wilson's score is just a notch or two this side of *The Music Man*. The show is entertaining enough, but it is difficult to arouse sympathy for a character whose life is dedicated to the achievement of one goal, a place in Denver society. Even musicals need more substance than that!

## ★ Other New Plays

**INVITATION TO A MARCH** is a plea for nonconformity by Arthur Laurents. It is witty and fairly well acted, but its philosophy is weak and confused. It seems we have reached a point in the theater where railing against conformity has become something of a conformity itself. It may well be the ripe moment for a play in which the nonconformists are backed to the wall for a change. In this tract, Laurents places his characters in Long Island beach houses as they unravel a story in which a girl is faced with the choice of a stuffy young man who proposes marriage or an attractive fellow who proposes everything but that. The latter is the illegitimate son of a woman who has "lived life to the hilt" without regrets or qualms. In conclusion, the author sends his heroine off to the sand dunes with her unorthodox suitor. Having weighted scales against conventional morality for three acts, this comes as no surprise. Celeste Holm, Eileen Heckart, James MacArthur, Richard Derr, and Jane Fonda are the capable players in this crisply written banality.



Tammy Grimes as a young lady determined to reach the top of the social ladder in "The Unsinkable Molly Brown"





**ADVISE AND CONSENT**, based on Allen Drury's Pulitzer Prize novel, is a taut and brilliantly staged drama of political chicanery on the national scene. It centers around the appointment of a Secretary of State and the Congressional fight over his confirmation. The issue of the nominee's prior Communist affiliations, a successful smear attempt on the young Senator who heads the investigating committee, and the cross-currents of pride, jealousy, ambition, and deceit which characterize the political arena, comprise the candid elements in this exciting drama. Though it presents without equivocation the squalid morality of political life, it also offers a ray of hope that basic honesty and decency will prevail, battered but unbowed.

The matter of a Senator's suicide is treated, unfortunately, as a political, rather than a moral, matter; and it seems as if the blackmail, the duplicity, and the deceit are overdrawn for dramatic effect. Loring Mandel's dramatization is tightly written and has been staged in a series of crisp, realistic scenes by Franklin Shaffner. Ed Begley's interpretation of a Senatorial gladiator is a triumph, followed closely by the intelligent performances of Richard Kiley, Henry Jones, Chester Morris, Judson Laire, Staats Cotsworth, and Kevin McCarthy. This is no Pollyanna treatment of political life. It shoots from the hip, and the effect is both lethal and electrifying.

Oliver Goldsmith's **SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER**, as presented at the Phoenix Theater, is as lively and comic as one could wish. Staged and played as broadly as possible, it proves a durable humor piece, as effective today as when Goldsmith wrote it in protest against the prevailing mood of the London theater in 1773. This revival, which is enjoying critical and audience support, is a spirited affair and one which reflects Goldsmith's affinity for humor and his shrewd skill at characterization.

Even though **PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT** doesn't quite live up to its billing as a comedy, it is a change of pace for Tennessee Williams. His characters are two couples striving to adjust to the problems and challenges of marriage. The men are wartime buddies, one a bridegroom of two days, the other in the process of dissolving his marriage after five years. As in most Williams' plays, the protagonists are stoop-shouldered with neuroses, and the men come off far better than the women. Also, as in most of his efforts, the characters exhibit resentment of life, confusion on its purpose, and more than the average measure of immaturity. They are weak, and they are frightened, and they are in need of help.

Freud doesn't provide the cure-all in this instance, nor does



Williams, despite his occasional attempt to chuckle. Barbara Baxley is brilliant as the perplexed Southern bride, and Rosemary Murphy is fine as the wife. James Daly and Robert Webber are somehow less effective, though their roles were written with greater sympathy. Williams has expressed surprise that critics and audiences consider this a comedy. We can only agree.

**UNDER THE YUM-YUM TREE** is a flimsy comedy reminiscent of *The Moon is Blue*, only this is bluer. At least the dialogue and situations are in the racy mood of today's theater, which often makes the shockers of a decade ago seem mighty tame. Gig Young, Dean Jones, and Sandra Church act out an infernal triangle with zest and ability. They cannot, unfortunately, make a silk purse out of this elongated blackout sketch.

**LITTLE MOON OF ALBAN**, James Costigan's prize-winning TV drama, has been enlarged by the author into an exciting and eloquent play. There is tension in the scenes of action and there is sensitivity and profound understanding in the development of character. Costigan has chosen the period of the Irish Revolt in 1922 as the setting for an electric clash between an English lieutenant and a Dublin girl whose father, brother, and betrothed have died for the cause. She is a novice in a nursing order and he a patient in her care. Their conflict of values and ideals is sharp and on her part bitter. A less gifted author might have developed this theme along conventional lines, but Costigan's eloquence and sincerity combine to make a stirring, mature study of faith. He is fortunate in having Julie Harris to repeat her great TV success as the girl who finds faith in suffering. Hers is a brilliant performance. Also excellent are John Justin, as the wounded officer, and, in smaller but tremendously effective vignettes, Barbara O'Neil, Nora O'Mahony, Robert Redford, Helena Carroll, and Eric Christmas. Jo Mielziner's settings and Herman Shumlin's staging contribute handsomely to a play that is at once challenging and entertaining.

The idol of the Yiddish stage, Menasha Skulnik, plays a crusty, likable patriarch in **THE 49TH COUSIN**, a tart study of life in a Jewish family around 1900. The broad style in which Skulnik portrays a domineering widower with very definite ideas about life, love, and the running of a synagogue is ideally suited to this type of sentimental comedy. His three marriageable daughters provide the sounding board for the self-righteous and dictatorial, but benevolent, tyrant. Martha Scott, as the eldest, is excellent, but this is a Skulnik evening. Without his pantomime there is little left to enthuse about.



Left to right:

Ed Begley and  
Richard Kiley in  
the political drama,  
"Advise and Consent"

Glenn Ford is  
an Oklahoma pioneer  
in the film version  
of "Cimarron"

Barbara O'Neil  
and Julie Harris  
in "Little Moon  
of Alban"

## ★ Movie Reviews in Brief

Although the current version of Edna Ferber's **CIMARRON** will inevitably be compared to the Irene Dunne-Richard Dix classic of some years ago, it measures up quite satisfactorily. Glenn Ford and Maria Schell are cast as the newlywed pioneers who participate in the land rush that opened the fabulous Oklahoma Territory in 1889. The scenes in which the adventurous thousands rush madly to stake their claims have been spectacularly staged and are the highlights of an otherwise routine theme. Ford is properly vigorous as the adventurer and occasional lawyer and Miss Schell is credible as the woman who shares and waits. Anne Baxter, Mercedes McCambridge, Arthur O'Connell, and Russ Tamblyn turn in their customarily fine portrayals, and a large supporting cast is on hand to provide expert assistance. (M-G-M)

**BUTTERFIELD 8** is the latest in a series of unsavory John O'Hara novels to be translated into dramatic form. This is his variation on the threadbare, prostitute-with-a-heart-of-platinum theme with a café society setting, an impetuous call girl, and an unhappily married socialite. It fits well into the pattern of the current "adult" movies, with candid dialogue, highly suggestive scenes, and no apparent attempt to bring moral order out of the chaos. Elizabeth Taylor is believable as the girl who waits by the telephone, but her leading men, Laurence Harvey and Eddie Fisher, are far from convincing. Visually, this is opulent and attractive, but otherwise it is merely a misguided attempt to add sizzle to soap opera. (M-G-M)

**THE WACKIEST SHIP IN THE ARMY** is another wartime memory in which fact, fancy, and fun are blended to good dramatic effect. This is more melodrama than comedy despite the title, with Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson, John Lund, and Australia's Chips Rafferty outwitting the Japanese Navy in time to alert our forces and win the victory of the Bismarck Sea. Their mission is accomplished in a weather-worn sailing ship which barely manages to survive until the job is finished. As a wartime adventure, this is above par in all departments and should satisfy action fans of all ages. (Columbia)

Based on a Ferenc Molnar comedy, **A BREATH OF SCANDAL** is a pedestrian-paced, contrived, and lackluster charade set in a world of Hapsburg splendor. The picturesque Austrian backgrounds, a tuneful score, and the generally opulent atmosphere are welcome assets in a produc-

tion which is woefully weak in story, acting, and good taste. Sophia Loren, John Gavin, Angela Lansbury, and Maurice Chevalier fail to surmount the inherent problems of the script and the efforts to spice it up with suggestiveness. (Paramount)

**THE GRASS IS GREENER** is a mildly diverting, well-acted comedy based on a recent London stage success. It concerns the romantic involvements of an English lady whose stately home has been turned over to the National Trust and whose husband seems downright dull compared to a vigorous Texas tourist. Though the problem is eventually resolved, moral values are given scant consideration. The mood is skittish, but the pace is dull despite some amiable performances by Deborah Kerr, Cary Grant, Jean Simmons, and Robert Mitchum. (Universal-International)

## ★ Playguide

### FOR THE FAMILY:

*The 49th Cousin; Leave It to Jane; Little Mary Sunshine; The Miracle Worker; Music Man; She Stoops to Conquer; The Sound of Music; The Unsinkable Molly Brown. (On Tour) A Majority of One; Marcel Marceau.*

### FOR ADULTS:

*Advise and Consent; Becket; The Best Man; Bye Bye Birdie; Fiorello; Here Come the Clowns; My Fair Lady; Take Me Along; The Tenth Man; A Thurber Carnival; The Wall. (On Tour) Andersonville Trial; Destry Rides Again; Flower Drum Song; J B; Once Upon a Matress; A Raisin in the Sun.*

### PARTLY

### OBJECTIONABLE:

*La Plume de Ma Tante.*

### COMPLETELY

### OBJECTIONABLE:

*Gypsy; The Hostage; Invitation to a March; Irma La Douce; Period of Adjustment; A Taste of Honey; Threepenny Opera; Toys in the Attic; Under the Yum Yum Tree.*

BY ALBA I. ZIZZAMIA

FAO, praised by Pope John XXIII for aiding the real welfare of mankind, works effectively to help hungry nations of the world win their daily bread

# Freedom from

Marcel is a wiry, middle-aged fisherman and father of many children, who has lived all his life in a tiny village on the coast of Haiti. Like his fellow fishers, his chief concern in the past forty years has been to catch enough to feed his family.

When he had an extra bit of luck, he salted the left-over fish and sold them to the trading women—known as Madame Sarahs—who came over the mountains on donkeys. The Sarahs paid five to seven cents a pound for the fish, but they were usually long on credit and short on cash. Most of the time Marcel felt there wasn't much point in catching more fish than his family could eat.

Today, however, the situation has changed and Marcel is a collecting agent for a fledgling fish company. He is on the way to becoming slightly prosperous on a commission of one cent a pound. So is the schoolmaster in the next village recruited by the company to buy fish in his spare time, who netted nearly the equivalent of his month's teaching salary.

The company started in business with an old boat purchased from the Haitian coast guard, a few discarded refrigerators, and the advice of Martin Routh of England. He was the expert requested from the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) by the Haitian government to examine the country's fisheries. He began by demonstrating that Haiti's waters are as rich in tuna as those of neighboring

Cuba, which enjoys a twelve-million-pound catch per year.

The new fish company—a private enterprise—has caught on quickly. With an average catch of 3,500 pounds a week, it has opened three fish shops, one of them in Port-au-Prince, the capital. They are clean and equipped with refrigerators, in contrast to the old markets where the flies got to the fish long before the customers.

The company has also begun to export rock lobster tails, which Haitian fishermen formerly left in peace in the Caribbean's cool blue waters. This year it is going after tuna for the first time, thanks to a loan from Haiti's National Bank and the purchase of a second boat, this one diesel-driven. (The company's original boat had been the first motorized craft in the country to fish commercially.)

Although one successful company doesn't change a nation's economy, this one has brought big changes into the lives of Marcel, his eight fellow agents, and the fishermen in the villages that punctuate Haiti's northern coastline. More cash in hand is a step up toward a higher standard of living and more educational opportunities for their children.

Martin Routh, now on his way to another FAO assignment in West Africa, is typical of the organization's experts working in seventy-two countries around the world. Typical, too, are the problems he encountered in Haiti—lack of transportation and mar-

keting facilities, unhygienic handling, antiquated methods, whether in fishing, farming, or cattle raising. It is FAO's business to help governments and people solve these problems, to help them increase and improve food production and processing—in short, to help them feed the world's still hungry millions.

The FAO, often described as a co-operative of governments, was the first of the new specialized agencies in the United Nations family. It was established in 1945 by representatives of forty-two countries meeting in Quebec.

FAO now numbers eighty-one members; each has one vote and contributes to the annual budget in proportion to its national income. The Soviet and its satellites have never joined the agency; semidetached Yugoslavia is the only Communist country that has. A secretariat of 1,000 persons staffs FAO headquarters in Rome, while three hundred others work in regional offices.

The FAO was also the first U.N. body to accredit permanent observers of the Holy See (in 1948): Msgr. Luigi G. Lieutti, former executive director of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, and Dr. Emilio Bonomelli, manager of the papal farm at Castelgandolfo.

The FAO motto is *Fiat Panis*—Let There Be Bread. The phrase not only sums up the agency's purpose; it also reflects its characteristic optimism in the face of the world's most persistent problem.

Hunger has stalked grimly through



*Thanks to FAO,  
this Javanese girl  
will gather in more rice,  
her daily bread*



# Hunger

man's history for thousands of centuries. His search for food—and his fight for it—have been driving forces in the development of human societies. Cultures and social structures, wars, and migrations have been determined by it. From the search for new spice routes, by caravan or caravel, to the invention of modern farm machinery, hunger has been a driving force in exploration, trade, and industry.

Today, while science and technology seem to be reaching their apex in the conquest of outer space, more than a billion people are believed to be either downright hungry or suffering the effects of undernourishment or malnutrition.

Some estimates claim that not more than one person in a hundred has what a U.S. family would consider a square meal every day. Poor diet, in turn, means stunted growth, low resistance to disease, little energy, and therefore lower productive capacity. The lethargy and inefficiency which the well-fed American often enjoys criticizing in "the natives" in many areas can often be traced to a faulty diet.

Awesome as they are, the statistics of hunger have been compounded by those of the population experts, who confront us with 100,000 new mouths to feed every morning. With death control (through victory over disease) and without birth control, they predict that the world's population will have doubled by the year 2000 and that people will therefore be hungrier than ever.

What is FAO's optimism based on, then? On the conviction, rooted in a wide variety of surveys and research projects, that many potential sources of food from land, sea, and laboratory are still largely untapped, and on estimates of the amount of cultivable land still unused and the areas possible to reclaim.

For instance, only about  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent of the globe's land surface is intensively cultivated. Also, food production has managed to stay slightly ahead of population growth so far. And there is a reasonable hope that the scientific knowledge and efficient techniques that have produced awkward and expensive surpluses in highly developed countries like the U.S. will meet the basic food requirements in the lands of hunger. For example, India's low yield of twenty pounds of rice per hectare (about two and one-half acres) could be brought much closer to Japan's yield of eighty and Italy's production of ninety-six pounds per hectare.

To improve the diet of the world's hungry, FAO must cope with more than marketing and transportation problems. It must deal respectfully with religious taboos, like those of strict Hindus who will not eat meat, fish, or eggs. It must overcome the age-old and universal reluctance of the peasant to adopt a new kind of farm tool, plant an unfamiliar crop, or use a fertilizer his father and grandfather never heard of. It must train specialists and administrators for governments whose ministries of agri-

culture scarcely are organized. And it must handle as delicately as possible the politically charged questions of land tenure, which range from the communal holdings of tribal societies to the vested interests of absentee landlordism.

On a budget one-fourth that of New York City, FAO has been fighting the battle of hunger along three main fronts: information, action, and technical assistance.

The first consists in gathering, analyzing, and reporting data on agriculture and food production. FAO organizes international meetings and seminars for informational exchange. And it has organized international co-operation to control pests like locusts, whose periodic crop-destroying swarms do not recognize national boundaries.

Six hundred experts are currently engaged in FAO's technical assistance program throughout the world: agronomists doing soil surveys, nutritionists studying local diets, home economists demonstrating smokeless stoves, developing recipes using local foods, and persuading skeptical housewives to try them.

The Indians in Brazil's Amazon valley are being taught to fish with nylon nets instead of bows and arrows. The farmers of Nepal are learning to make cheese from yak milk. Cattlemen in Chile are revolutionizing their methods.

FAO experts are to be found on a university faculty in Liberia, directing irrigation schemes in East Pakistan,

## CONTRAST

*Did my problem take me an hour longer  
Than the time you used in your urge toward space?  
What did I do with that wasted hour?—  
Fashion love knots from hearts and lace?*

*Could I have been listening to savage rhythms  
Or watching a soft gray cloud at noon  
In the hour our satellite rocked and faltered  
And the world began to cry for the moon?*

*I wonder how long the ancient Hebrew  
Meant to leave his scrolls by that inland sea;  
Could the quiet Norse be the sons of Vikings?  
What happened to tribes of the Tassili?*

*The accident of the falling apple  
Held the key that Newton, the dreamer, sought;  
And X-rays came to the hand of Roentgen . . .  
And so with many, as God has wrought.*

*The earth is strewn with decaying patterns  
Of peoples who sighed for some sort of moon  
But who left no trace of the harvests garnered  
When they left the field on the stroke of noon.*

*My problem, our songs, the love knots fashioned  
May be all they need to assess our worth  
When satellites have become the fables  
Of the blessed meek who inherit earth.*

ANNABELLE WAGNER BERGFELD

draining swamplands in the Philippines, and planting trees and grass in Libya to hold back the creeping desert. Among the most frequent forms of assistance requested, perhaps, is guidance in organizing co-operatives, veterinary services, agricultural credit unions, and rural welfare training services.

It is difficult to gauge the result of all this activity in terms of more food. But a few examples provide a conspicuous indication of what the FAO program means.

► The seventeen European countries participating in the program reported, in 1957, a net increase of a million and a half metric tons of corn production.

► The introduction of fish farming in Thailand's watery rice fields has fortified the Thai farmer's diet and tripled his annual income.

► In ten years, Ceylon's dry-zone area has been transformed into farms and villages, with a wide range of new vegetable crops.

► Control of rinderpest—a disease

responsible for millions of dollars of cattle loss annually—has saved vast amounts of meat in Afghanistan and Ethiopia.

But the most dramatic victories in the war against hunger are the new dairies and milk-processing plants that have been established in more than a score of countries throughout Latin America and Asia through the co-operative efforts of the FAO, which provides technicians, UNICEF, which supplies equipment, and the local government, which furnishes most of the funds.

A typical achievement is the new dairy in Teheran, Iran, the first of its kind in the Middle East. It produces 13,000 gallons of pasteurized milk per

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day in contrast to Teheran's previous daily supply of 2,600 gallons, most of it produced without sanitary control.

Despite the encouraging results of some 2,000 completed FAO missions, however, there are still the hungry millions, for whom the present rate of progress is understandably much too slow. So, on July 1, 1960, the FAO launched a Freedom-from-Hunger Campaign, amid messages of support from heads of state and Pope John XXIII, who praised FAO for being so "generous, so consistent with the real welfare of humanity, and so worthy of awaking interest and collaboration of all men of heart."

The campaign, first proposed by FAO's Director General, Dr. Binay Ranjan Sen of India, is an attempt to muster all available forces in the battle against "the most important human problem of the century." It will last five years and will include information and educational programs to create public awareness and interest, technical research and demonstration projects, and action programs in each country as well as on the international level. A World Food Congress is scheduled for 1963.

In an eloquent opening address for the campaign, Dr. Sen declared: "The central problem, as we see it, is not overpopulation but underproduction. There are vast resources still to be exploited. . . ." He appealed to governments and to nongovernmental organizations to help secure for man the possibility "to develop to his full moral and intellectual stature, which is impossible without proper physical nourishment."

The World Union of Catholic Women's Organizations anticipated the campaign when it started its own "war on hunger" in 1955 and devoted a day of its 1957 Congress to a discussion at FAO headquarters. Its affiliates in many countries have conducted information programs on the problem and organized annual "family fast days," the proceeds of which have been used for projects like buying rice paddies for orphanages in Korea and paying salaries of nutrition educationists in community development projects in the Caribbean and Africa.

Its American affiliate, the National Council of Catholic Women, has been an active supporter of the women's campaign through its Feed-a-Family Program and Madonna Plan, both carried out with the co-operation of Catholic Relief Services—N.C.W.C.

To "men of heart," it seems certain that hunger, as Dr. Sen said, "is neither inevitable nor irremediable. It is within our power to bring this old affliction under control."

# WOMAN to WOMAN

BY KATHERINE BURTON

## What About Single Women?

Of the single woman, one often hears the phrase "I can't understand why she never married." No matter how successful or happy she appears to be with, and in, her life, that remark is bound to be made.

In other days, the maiden aunt was a part of every household. She was sometimes respected and sometimes not, but she did have a definite place in the home, just as grandparents had a place there. Today, with small apartments, women going out to work, and a general feeling of laissez-faire, there is a multitude of women in our cities who live in rooms or apartments alone or in groups of two or more.

Frankly, I think it time for the rest of the world to stop being so worried about single women and why they're single. Selfishness and unselfishness both play a part. For there are the selfish ones, who wanted a career above everything else and got it and sometimes wonder why, and the unselfish ones, who stayed in the nest when the others flew away and are taking care of the old folks. And, of course, all the variety of reasons between.

In the end, it comes down to fulfillment. And, it seems to me that if you don't get one kind of fulfillment, the sensible thing is to reach for another, for there are others. The world is wide, and today a woman can have almost anything she can handle in the way of a job. It is also very true that she can't always have a husband, because the demand far exceeds the supply: there are over twelve million adult, unmarried women in the United States. Also, wives today survive to a good, old age, whereas all the old graveyards have the stones of two or more wives buried close to one stout spouse. They died young then; today, we women stay alive and, I imagine, enjoy life much more than they did in those days of frequent crape-hanging.

I don't pretend to know how maiden aunts felt in bygone days, but I have no doubt they had some long, long thoughts of their own. Today, you don't hear complaints from the unmarried either, but I think that their protestations of being happy in their busy life sometimes have a hollow ring. The fact is that the family is a charmed circle, and at some definite point it closes ranks even to the best-loved outsider.

## The Vocation of Single Women

Recently I was invited to a meeting which its originator—herself a single woman—hopes to see grow into such meetings all over the land and which she wants to call Bethany conferences—a lovely name, reminiscent of a home made up of two sisters, a brother, and often an honored Guest. This was a first and test meeting. There were two brief talks in a rectory chapel by one of the resident priests, then brief meditation, after which we adjourned, for a talk and coffee, to the refectory used for meetings. The evening ended with Benediction.

To me, a very interesting part was the talk over the coffee. Most interesting was the discussion whether the un-

married life in the world is a real vocation. Here were a large group of women, good-looking, well-dressed, thoughtful, with good jobs and a busy daytime life in offices—and most of them did feel that this life they were living was a kind of vocation. There were dissenters, including one who said that she would marry if she met the right man and that to her a vocation was one for life.

Now, the life in the convent is one thing and marriage is another; they are both vocations. The single life lived in the world differs from both. There is room in it for meditation, of course; this can be carried on even during a coffee break. But a vocation in a business life with only oneself to set the rules is a very different matter.

Since most women who marry do so before they are thirty years old, few of these twelve million will marry. Leaving out the women who eventually seek companionship in the dubious way of bars or the society of men they can never marry, there are the others—those who would welcome the love of a life companion and children of their own.

## Single Women and the Life of the Spirit

The real difficulty is that the unmarried woman is expected to work out her own destiny, and it is hard for the average woman to do that, alone in a room at night and feeling at times her uselessness in the world except to herself. It is easy to suggest things for her to do to fill up her evenings or free days. Volunteers are needed everywhere. There is work with the Big Sisters, who have kept many a girl from slipping or have brought her back when she did. There is such work as doing books on Braille for the blind and helping in hospitals or homes for children or old people.

These good deeds fill the empty hours, but there is need of more. Perhaps this Bethany idea is the germ of something really valuable. Here a group of women, living identical lives in the one fact that they are not married, can meet and discuss. It is a plan meant, of course, for mature women, the ones past thirty, those whom Pope Pius XII said "unavoidable circumstances had destined to a solitude which was not in their thoughts or desires."

For, beyond the filling in of hours with conversation or work of mercy, there is still to be considered the filling of the life of the spirit. This Bethany idea wants to do just that—to discuss, for instance, the nature of woman, how she can find her fulfillment as a human being, and, above all, the place Christ holds in her life, her service to Him as a single woman who is not bound by religious vows.

Dorothy Dohen's new book, *Women in Wonderland*, deals with the Catholic woman—married, unmarried, religious, mother, divorcee, widow. In two fine chapters devoted to the single woman, she makes it clear that, in order not to feel sorry for herself, the single woman must organize the spiritual element. The Bethany Conference idea may point the way. I have the address for booklets on the subject, and I also suggest that women read the book, which has something for all of us and is written not emotionally but with sane and sympathetic conviction.



by Adrian Lynch, C.P.

# THE SIGNPOST

## Aged and Infirm Priests and Religious

*What happens to priests whose age or infirmity makes it impossible for them to continue their normal activities? If they are retired, where do they go? Also, what happens to aged nuns?—KANSAS CITY, MO.*



When age or infirmity afflict them, religious are taken care of by their religious family. In some instances, special homes are provided for them, where they are tenderly cared for in the sunset years of their life.

There is no uniform pattern followed when secular priests are no longer able to function because of age or infirmity. The Ordinary may allow a pastor to live in the rectory and enjoy the title of Pastor Emeritus or to enter a home or hospital for care. If a secular priest cannot meet the costs, recourse is had to the Priests' Relief Fund, set up in many dioceses for this purpose. To meet this problem, priests have applied for Social Security. Many have life insurance for the same purpose. If a priest is unable by these means to provide for his treatment, the Ordinary will provide in the manner most convenient.

## Perfect Contrition and Reception of Communion

*Will you please clarify the following quotation from the "Passion Prayer Book," page 190, as follows: "Our sorrow or contrition may be twofold: perfect or imperfect. Perfect contrition is a sorrow which comes from the pure love of God; imperfect contrition comes from the fear of God and of His punishments. By perfect contrition the sinner immediately obtains forgiveness, even without going to confession, provided he has the intention of going to confession."*

*It is the latter part of the above quotation that I would like to have clarified for me. For example, if a person committed a grave sin and could not get to confession, would making an act of perfect contrition permit him to receive Holy Communion the next morning?—SHARON, PA.*

There are two distinct problems here, (a) forgiveness of sins outside the Sacrament of Penance, and (b) the worthy reception of Holy Communion.

(a) Sins are remitted outside the Sacrament of Penance by an act of perfect contrition, or an act of perfect love of God. This is the teaching of the Church based on the Holy Scriptures. Thus, Our Lord said of the sinful woman, "Many sins are forgiven her because she hath loved much." (Luke 7:47.) In order to be perfect, the sinner must be sorry for his sins because of the motive of love of God, whom he has offended by his sins. Sorrow for sin because of some lesser motive, as fear of punishment, etc., would not reconcile the sinner outside the Sacrament of Penance, but would within it. Only contrition arising from the motive of love of God has that power.

Perfect contrition always implies, at least implicitly, the intention to confess one's sins in the Sacrament of Penance; otherwise, it would not be perfect contrition. Sorrow for sin because of the offense against the good God implicitly contains the intention of doing everything that God ordains for the forgiveness of sins committed after Baptism. Now, Our Lord gave the Apostles and their successors the power to forgive sins committed after Baptism, when He said, "Receive the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." (John 20, 22.) Hence, the sinner who is reconciled to God because of his contrition for his sins, out of a motive of love of God, is still obliged to confess his grave sins in the Sacrament of Penance, when he next receives that Sacrament.

(b) The Holy Eucharist is a sacrament of the living; that is, it may be received worthily and fruitfully only by those who are spiritually alive in sanctifying grace. Though one has sanctifying grace through perfect contrition, he may not receive Holy Communion if he was guilty of mortal sin, unless he confesses his sin in the Sacrament of Penance. This is due to the positive law of the Church which reads: "No one whose conscience is burdened with the guilt of mortal sin may receive Holy Communion, without sacramental confession before, no matter how contrite he considers himself to be." (Canon 856.) Hence, one who committed a grave sin may not receive Holy Communion, despite having regained the state of grace by an act of perfect contrition, until he has received absolution in the Sacrament of Penance. The recovery of the state of grace by perfect contrition makes one alive in the grace of God, but in case of mortal sin, he is nevertheless unworthy to receive Holy Communion, unless he first confesses his sin in the Sacrament of Penance.

This is the general rule. There may be exceptional cases where there is no opportunity to confess and there is an obligation to receive Holy Communion (for example, the Easter duty). In such a case, the sinner must make an act of perfect contrition before he receives the Holy Eucharist. (Canon 856.)

## Mary Ellen Kelly

*Please give the name and address of the girl who corresponds with shut-ins. I believe that her name is O'Neill and that she is in an iron lung.—YONKERS, N. Y.*

You probably refer to Miss Mary Ellen Kelly of Marcus Iowa. (See "The Venturous Shut-in," p. 34, THE SIGNPOST, November, 1960.) Miss Kelly publishes a bimonthly magazine called *Seconds Sanctified*, which goes to over two thousand subscribers in this country and in many foreign nations. Its purpose is to lead shut-ins to closer union with Christ through Mary by means of prayer and suffering, showing them the value of suffering in participating in the work of the Redemption. Miss Kelly is not in an iron lung. A victim of rheumatoid arthritis, she has been bedridden since 1939. Stretcher-borne, she recently traveled to Pittsburgh, Pa., by baggage car to receive the Siena Medal in recognition of her wonderful work for shut-ins.

## Creation of Man: Fossils

(1) Must we not accept Adam and Eve as the instant creation of God, in no sense the product of evolution, because their immortal souls set them apart from and above all other earthly creatures? (2) How do Catholic theologians fit into the picture such fossil finds as the Pildown and Neanderthal men?—ELMHURST, N. Y.

(1) Catholic doctrine teaches that God is the Creator of all things and man in particular, both as to body and soul. The human soul is the immediate creation of God from nothing. The body of man is also His creation, but in what precise manner is not revealed in Holy Scripture because the sacred author's description was not intended to be a "scientific" explanation, but a popular one. A Catholic may hold that the body of man was probably the result of evolution from lower forms, until it reached a state of development when God infused into it a human and immortal soul. But he must also hold that this process of development was wonderfully directed by the Divine power and not the effect of chance.

(2) Neanderthal man is considered to be the fossil remains of a true human, but Pildown "man" is dismissed by scientists as a fraud. Wherever true human fossils are discovered, they must be regarded as having had human souls and of the progeny of Adam and Eve.

## Gift of Eyes

Is the Catholic Church in favor of donating one's eyes after death to a person suffering from blindness? How should one go about this?—WESTWOOD, N. J.

The Church approves the donation of one's eyes after death in favor of a person suffering from blindness. (It is the cornea that is transplanted.) This operation should be expressed in one's will or by some means that will clearly indicate the disposition of the donor. There are "eye banks" in many communities, where the eyes (corneas) from deceased persons are preserved until they are needed. Your local Red Cross or Medical Society could furnish you with details.

## Observance of Fast Day

A friend said that, if you do not eat your dessert with your main meal on a fast day, you may eat it later for a snack. Please let me know if this is correct.—OMAHA, NEB.

The law of fast obliges those who have passed their twenty-first birthday until they reach their fifty-ninth. Eating between meals is forbidden for those obliged to fast but, according to the recent changes in discipline, liquids, including milk and fruit juices, may be taken. Why not eat your dessert at the meal and enjoy the above mitigation with a cracker or two, which from time immemorial has been considered allowed.

## Spying From Air

Could you explain whether or not it was ethical for the U. S. to send the U-2 plane to spy on launching installations over Russia? Is spying today a justifiable means to self-preservation?—RIDGEFIELD PARK, N. J.

Spying on another country by airplane is not contrary to the natural law. It could be made illegal by international law, but such a convention has not been mutually agreed

to between Russia and the United States. President Eisenhower proposed "open skies" for both the United States and the Soviet Union, but he was rebuffed. The instinct of self-preservation, as well as the duty to defend the country against surprise attack, justified the policy of the U. S.

## Parents of First Communicants

Would you give some suggestions for the prudent handling of questions by children whose parents never receive Holy Communion, despite regular attendance at Mass, because the parents are invalidly married. My godchild will very likely make his first Holy Communion next year. He has noticed that his parents never receive Holy Communion.

What a tangle web of trouble follows, when first we begin to lie! Your question involves a delicate matter, and great prudence is required in treating it. I suggest that you consult the Reverend Pastor for advice. Perhaps the simplest solution is to tell the child to ask his parents. It is their problem, not yours. His question may trigger the beginning of a course of action that will result in the validation of their union or, if this cannot be, because of a previous partner still living, to a better adjustment of their lives with the advice of their pastor.

## Stray Sheep

For more than five years, I have not been a practicing Catholic. Now, after informing myself better, I think I would like to be a full-fledged member of the Church again. What is necessary?—MASS.



The Sacrament of Penance was instituted by Our Lord for people like you. When a sheep wanders away from the flock, the shepherd will search for it and when he finds it will rejoice. It is the same with a member of the Church who wanders away. Our Lord, the Good Shepherd, will stir up his mind by His grace to regret his past life and will instill a desire to do better in the future. The Sacrament of Penance will restore him to the life of friendship with God and will make him happy, provided he is truly sorry for his sins and promises amendment of life.

I suggest that you make a week-end retreat from Friday to Sunday afternoon at the Passionist Retreat House, West Springfield, Mass. Write or telephone to the Father Director for the best date. (Box 150. Telephone: Republic 6-1226.) It is not too far from your home. Invite your father to make a retreat with you. The offering is whatever you can afford.

## Complicated Marriage Case

Two people not of the Catholic Faith are married. After the ceremony, the man revealed that he had been previously divorced. Would the woman, after obtaining a (civil) divorce, be permitted to marry a Catholic in the Church, without recourse to the Pauline Privilege?—PHILADELPHIA, PA.

In the first place, the solution would depend on the validity of the man's first marriage. If it was valid, his second attempt to marry would be invalid because of the previous bond. If the first marriage was invalid, the second would be valid, presuming that neither a previous bond or other invalidating impediment existed.

If the second marriage was between two baptized non-Catholics and valid, and also consummated, it could not

be dissolved for any cause except death. The whole case would have to be thoroughly examined by competent ecclesiastical authority before the true solution would be found.

### **Life Expectancy in Marriage**

*What is the viewpoint of the Catholic Church regarding marriage between a Catholic man and woman, when the man has an injury or illness that may shorten his life considerably; for instance, if there is a definite possibility, but not an absolute certainty, that he may not live longer than a year? If these two people love each other and want to be together for whatever length of time it may be, would the Church favor such a marriage? The possible objection that comes to mind relates to the primary purpose of marriage, procreation. There would seem to be a question as to the advisability of bringing a child into the world in these circumstances, yet the woman in this particular case is willing to trust in the wisdom and providence of God in this matter. Has there been anything written on this subject?—NEW ORLEANS, LA.*

Life expectancy does not enter into the Church's legislation about marriage. She declares in her Canon Law that consent, mutually and freely given, makes marriage, provided there is no invalidating impediment involved. With reference to the parties, it is a question of prudence whether they ought to marry when, according to the supposition, the husband will probably die in a short time.

Death may happen at any moment, even when a couple is leaving for their honeymoon, as happened recently when the auto in which honeymooners were riding was involved in an accident and the husband was instantly killed, leaving his wife a widow before they started their communal life.

If the parties truly love one another and are willing to risk the early death of one of them, there is no obstacle to their marriage according to Canon Law.

This reply is the only thing I can suggest, since the problem is most unusual.

### **Fraudulent Promises in Mixed Marriage**

*Would an impediment exist when a Catholic married a non-Catholic before a priest, if they made a secret agreement, without the priest's knowledge, that any children born of the marriage would not be brought up Catholic? This means that the required promise of the non-Catholic in the presence of the priest was fraudulent. Would the Catholic party be permitted to receive the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion?—BALTIMORE, MD.*

A mixed marriage is one entered into between a baptized Catholic and a baptized non-Catholic. It is termed a prohibitive impediment, which would render the marriage unlawful, but not invalid, if entered into before an authorized priest and two witnesses without a dispensation.

The dispensation from the impediment will not be granted except for serious reasons and with the solemn guarantees (usually in writing) that the non-Catholic will not in any way prevent the practice of the Catholic religion of the Catholic partner. Both promise that all children (not some) born of the marriage will be baptized and brought up in the Catholic religion, and the Catholic party agrees to work prudently for the conversion of the non-Catholic.

If, before marriage, the parties secretly agreed that the children would not be baptized and reared in the Catholic Faith, their promise would be fraudulent and wicked, and if the agreement were known beforehand, no dispensation

would be granted. This secret agreement would not make the marriage null, but the parties would be guilty of a grave sin. Further, if the agreement meant that their children would be baptized and reared as Protestants, they would fall under the penalty of excommunication. The Catholic party, in any case, would not be permitted to receive the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion, except he repented of his sinful agreement and promised to fulfill the guarantees required for dispensation from the impediment.

### **Attempted Marriage**

*I am in an awkward situation. A close Catholic relative is about to enter into a civil marriage. I was told by my confessor that I could not acknowledge this wedding in any way, not even to attend the reception or offer a gift. Why is there so much variation in priests' interpretation of regulations about such things? Would there be anything wrong in sending a gift for their new home after a month or so?*

Catholics are sometimes placed in an embarrassing situation, when a relative or dear friend defies the teaching of the Church and attempts marriage contrary to the law of the Church. What are they to do? It comes down to this: whom do they love more? Our Lord and His Church or the relative or friend? Jesus said, "He who loves father or mother more than me is not worthy of me!" If we must love Him more than father or mother, the closest of human connections, how much more should we love Him than others further removed?

To attend a reception and offer a gift to one who is about to enter a state of sin is an implicit approval of the sinful action, no matter how much one may deny it. Scandal is given to devout Catholics and amazement caused to non-Catholics.

If you wish to present a gift to adorn their residence, send a good picture of Our Lord on the Cross, or one of the Sorrowful Mother at the foot of the Cross, which may remind the disobedient Catholic of the injury he is giving to Jesus and of the necessity of true repentance. Though not truly married according to Church law, civility and courtesy allows us to address them as though married.

I am not aware of difference of interpretation among priests concerning the facts given above.

### **Nun Teachers' Salary**

*During an interesting discussion with some fine Catholics, one of them stated that he knew that some nuns receive a stipend of one hundred dollars a week in the wonderful Catholic schools. I thought this absurd, because I knew that nuns devote their lives to Our Lord and are content with a small stipend. Could you enlighten me as to whether any community of nuns receives one hundred dollars a week?—YONKERS, N. Y.*

Some "fine Catholics" seem to have very exaggerated notions of what teaching Sisters receive as their weekly stipend. What your informant might have meant was that one hundred dollars a week was paid to a whole community of ten or twelve Sisters. Their stipend is very low because of the poverty of Catholics generally, who must support the parochial schools and also pay taxes for the public schools. Bishops throughout the country are trying to raise the salaries of the Sisters who teach, but in many places their efforts do not bear much fruit. Yes, the Sisters are wonderful, as you say, but they must live in order to continue their wonderful work, and they are not opposed to a larger stipend.



# BOOK REVIEWS

## SEVEN BOOKS OF WISDOM

By Roland E. Murphy, O. Carm.  
Bruce. 163 pages. \$3.75



Father Murphy

The great revival of biblical studies is producing among Catholics a growing interest in books and pamphlets which attempt to explain and interpret the Bible in the light of Christian tradition and the latest Scriptural findings. Father Murphy's book is one of these latter efforts. He seeks to present a clearer understanding of the "Wisdom" books of the Old Testament—Psalms, Proverbs, Job, the Canticle of Canticles, Ecclesiastes, Sirach (Ecclesiasticus), and Wisdom. Reading Father Murphy's *Seven Books of Wisdom* (preferably with your Bible at hand), you will find there a clear, concise interpretation of these sacred books, supported by a careful exposition of the Old Testament concept of wisdom.

Each of the Sapiential books has its own chapter which begins with a general introduction and is followed by a summary of the material contained in that particular book. Frequent references to chapter and verse can prove annoying, but, fortunately, many direct quotations help to carry the reader along.

The chapter on Ecclesiastes is perhaps the most interesting, because here Father Murphy presents a convincing portrayal of the sacred author, with his doubts and difficulties in the face of Jewish orthodoxy, strangely like many of our modern intellectuals. In doing so, he avoids the conjectural addition of losses and secondary authors, which make patchwork of much of Scripture.

Among Catholics, the Wisdom books have received scant attention. Father Murphy is to be commended for this readable introduction, which may open for many the treasures of Old Testament wisdom.

REV. JOHN J. KENNY, C.S.P.

## THE DIVINE MILIEU

By Pierre Teilhard de Chardin.  
Harper. 144 pages. \$3.00

Any person reading this work and knowing something of the author cannot help regretting that Catholics who so much need the vision of Chardin have

by-passed his work so completely. His name is hardly known to Catholics in America. His spiritual vision, the only vision adequate to modern times, has been set aside in favor of a pious tradition that is responsible for the defective formation of the modern Catholic and for what is now called the Catholic ghetto. The two go together—our inner failure as men and our outer failure to provide an adequate interpretation of the age in which we live.

Jansenist aversion from a world made and redeemed by Divine Love is the central error of our age. This has led to an affected type of spirituality that alienates Christians from the life

and work of the world to which they are called. Rather than becoming superhuman, too many Christians tend to become inhuman. Rather than manifesting an elevating love for the world, too many Christians pride themselves on their antipathy to the world, confusing, of course, the world of man's egoism with the world of man.

What is needed is an effort to understand the world and a Christian willingness to be a part of the world. The measure of our Faith is not the extent to which we abandon the world but the extent to which we enter into its deepest rhythms and carry these rhythms on to their final end in God. We are not alien to life. Along with all created things, we share that one universal order which as a whole reflects the divine glory with greater perfection than is done by any part however noble.

Chardin realized this with amazing clarity. The result is this startling new presentation of the Christian life. He has fulfilled our deepest intellectual need since the beginning of the modern age of science and discovery. It is unlikely that our educators, spiritual writers, or pulpit orators will soon appreciate this book and begin to communicate its vast vision of the world in which we live. Yet it is equally unlikely that any vital Christian renaissance will take place adequate to the challenge of our times until the essential message of this book is understood, accepted, and communicated to the modern world.

THOMAS BERRY, C.P.

## FACING PROTESTANT-ROMAN CATHOLIC TENSIONS

By Wayne H. Cowan. 125 pages.  
Association Press. \$2.50

Something new is loose in America. It is a talkative, two-headed creature called "the Dialogue." This new creature results from the efforts of Protestants and Catholics to talk over their difference frankly, Wayne H. Cowan but without rancor. *Facing Protestant-Roman Catholic Tensions* is a slim volume that puts some of the dialogue down on paper so people can get an idea of what it's like. The reader will meet here such well-known Protestant writers as Dr. John C. Bennett, Dr. Henry Van Dusen, and Dr. Robert Mc-



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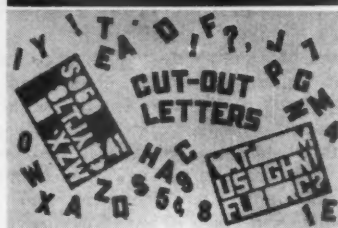
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6. **A BOOK OF PRIVATE PRAYER.** By Dom Hubert Van Zeller. \$3.25. Templegate
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8. **LOVE ONE ANOTHER.** By Louis Colin, C.Ss.R. \$4.25. Newman
9. **GO TO HEAVEN.** By Bishop Fulton J. Sheen. \$4.50. McGraw Hill
10. **THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.** Trans. by Knox & Oakley. \$2.50. Sheed & Ward

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The subtitle, "How to think clearly about them (i.e., religious tensions), as suggested by leading Roman Catholics and Protestants," may not apply unequivocally to all the contributors. Neither side pulls many punches, and there are times when the dialogue seems to become mere argumentation, or a double monologue. Fortunately, most of the dialogists stick to the format.

In general, the Catholic contributors seem both able and honest. Of one or two of the Protestants, notably Paul Blanshard, this cannot be so easily said. At least, Catholics will have difficulty in being convinced that Mr. Blanshard wants to think clearly about the tensions between us, in preference to exploiting them.

One humbling aspect of the book is the discovery that we can deduce opposite conclusions from the same set of religious data. Robert Schlager, a Methodist minister in the Argentine, is dismayed that apostate Catholics in Latin America have been so soured on religion that they turn atheist rather than Protestant. Catholics would tend to judge that this is understandable: there is no logical alternative between Catholicism and atheism, only wishful thinking; and wishful thinking is not a substantial structure for life.

If it does not lead to conversions, Catholics can at least hope the dialogue will lead to a *modus vivendi*. No one would be helped if it were to degenerate into the kind of violent arguments that finally precipitated the Thirty Years' War and left half a continent in ruins.

JAMES F. FISHER, C.S.P.

## WAITING FOR CHRIST

By Ronald Knox & Ronald Cox.

Sheed & Ward. 282 pages \$3.50

The movement to foster Bible reading among the Catholic laity is greatly indebted to Father Cox, C.M. The Knox-Cox volumes, *The Gospel Story* and *It is Paul Who Writes*, have been long-time Catholic best sellers.

Through them, thousands of the laity have been introduced to the enriching experience of daily Bible reading. It is, therefore, with regret that this reviewer, a seminary Scripture professor associated with the progress of Biblical studies the past twenty-three years, expresses his considered judgment on Fr. Cox's latest volume, *Waiting for Christ*.

The publication of this book is a setback to the progress of the Biblical movement among English-speaking Catholics. The author has ignored completely the solid advances which have been made in Old Testament exegesis

during the past two decades. Instead of attempting to delineate an almost complete Christology by Old Testament texts, Fr. Cox would have been better advised, and would have introduced his readers to an intelligent appreciation of the role of Israel and its sacred writings, had he traced through selected Old Testament passages the development in history of God's salvific plan which reaches its crown and completion in Christ and His Church.

RICHARD KUGELMAN, C.P.

## DISPUTED QUESTIONS

By Thomas Merton.

297 pages.

Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.

\$3.95



Thomas Merton

It would be interesting to know whether Thomas Merton will be remembered as a sociological phenomenon or a spiritual writer. A book such as *Disputed Questions* certainly raises the question.

In it there are two essays on sacred art and five on rather esoteric questions of spiritual theology. These latter include one on the spiritual significance of Mount Athos, a brief treatment of an obscure Renaissance hermit, Blessed Paul Giustiniani, a discussion of the doctrine of St. John of the Cross, and nearly fifty pages on the primitive ideal of the Carmelites.

The remaining essays have a broader interest. The best of these is his discussion of the significance of Boris Pasternak and the treatment meted out to him by the Soviets. Of more enduring interest, however, are two other chapters: one on the power and meaning of love and the other on a philosophy of solitude. In each of these, although his basic point of reference is the monastic life, there are moments of blinding insight for the modern man caught up in frightening loneliness and the aridity of a mechanical civilization.

The interesting thing (at least to the reviewer) is that this book, which seems to have by its nature an extraordinarily limited audience, is being boomed by its publishers for the mass market. It was launched with a full-page advertisement in such national media as the *New York Times Book Review*. And the truth is that it will sell widely and steadily. But why?

It may be that Merton, alone of Catholic authors, is reaching that portion of American society whose interest in the mystical elements of religion have made books on Zen Buddhism into consistent good-sellers. More likely, though, the dedication of Trappist life is a refreshing escape from the trivialities of contemporary existence.

Certainly very few readers will find their way through Merton's diffused, paradox-ridden style to all the truth which he seeks to communicate. But most readers will uncover enough of it to go away from the book richly rewarded.

Incidentally, in this book there is a preface which Merton uses to explain the basic unity of the essays which follow. In these opening pages he is at his lucid best, and, as an ironic result, it may be here that he is most effective.

JOHN J. KIRVAN, C.S.P.

## KNEELING IN THE BEAN PATCH

By Dale Francis Kenedy.

207 pages. \$3.95

No strain or pain attaches to exposure to these chatty and informal essays by Mr. Francis, collected in part from his weekly columns for *Our Sunday Visitor*. In fact, the author, a convert to Catholicism after service as a Methodist minister, writes with such enthusiasm and fervor for the Catholic Faith that those of us born to the Faith are readily revitalized.

Humor, pathos, nostalgia, touches of irony, and a first-rate section of apologetics vary the tempo. Yet an orderly arrangement of the pieces creates a smoother tenor than one might expect from random communications.

The book takes its title from the remarkable, true story of Father Tom Cemon, the son of an immigrant Italian truck-farmer who, as a boy, used to kneel in his father's bean patch, picking beans to sell in the nearby city. Years later, after he had become a priest, a chain of coincidences found him offering Mass over that same bean patch in a parish newly formed on land bought from his father. Thus, in a way "we all wind up kneeling in the same bean patch we knelt in when we were children."

There is a wonderful little incident about the powerful faith of the natives on Guam and their favorite statue of Mary, and an equally touching description of the Good Friday wake for Our Lord in a little Mexican village.

But the keynote Dale Francis sounds with utmost urgency is a plea for everyone to try to become saints—"that all might move from the edge of grace to the center of God's love . . . Someday I will write no more and I hope that then someone will remember this as the thing above all I would want to be remembered saying."

Surely such a message cannot be repeated often enough.

LOIS SLADE PUSATERI.



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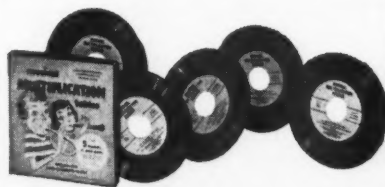
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## ANDREW JOHNSON: PRESIDENT ON TRIAL

By Milton Lomask. 376 pages.  
Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. \$6.00

With this book, Milton Lomask joins the ranks of major American historians. He has turned out a well-documented, well-written account of possibly the blackest page in this nation's past—the attempt to impeach Andrew Johnson. Lomask contents himself with but a brief account of Johnson's life and career before he became President on Lincoln's assassination, and with a capsule description of the gallant Tennessee after he was acquitted at his Senate trial.

And thus, the author has concentrated on Johnson's ordeal, which, in truth, was really the ordeal of the Constitution. For a band of willful men would, by successfully impeaching Johnson, in the end have scrapped the Constitution for all intents and purposes.

Johnson was sworn to carry out the moderate Reconstruction policies of Lincoln, but this the Radicals—under a leadership by fanatical old Thad Stevens and Edwin M. Stanton that can now only be regarded as villainous—would not have.

And, in the grim duel between the embattled President on the one hand and the relentless Radicals on the other, we get a fine picture of Johnson the man—kind, courageous, devoted to duty, but very probably one of the worst politicians ever to occupy the White House.

And we renew acquaintance with those other fine men—like Fessenden of Maine, Grimes of Iowa, and the immortal Ross of Kansas—who voted for Johnson and ruled by reason and law, to their later political ruin.

They are all here in Lomask's book: the good men and the bad, the weak and the foolish. This is a notable addition to the bookshelves of Americana.

HARRY SCHLEGEL.

## THE LADY PERSUADERS

By Helen Woodward. 189 pages.  
Obolensky. \$3.95

The Lady Persuaders of Mrs. Woodward's acid, convincing, and sometimes amusing book are the thirty million American women who monthly drink deep at those fountains "of lies, unhatched ideas, vanities, and special pleadings" known as the Women's Magazines and who then "go out into the world" to diffuse what they have imbibed "like bees brewing a poisonous honey."



Milton Lomask

Striking a balance on the publications under scrutiny, Mrs. Woodward can bring herself to put only three items in the credit column. Two of them are indisputable: The Women's Magazines have helped their readers to attain first-class citizenship and supplied them with useful information concerning housekeeping, cooking, and dressmaking. The third item, the author's contention that the magazines have advanced the cause of democracy, strikes this reviewer as a case of giving them the benefit of the doubt. Actually much that passes for democratic thought in their columns is only that vulgar egalitarianism which may yet turn out to be the Achilles Heel of democracy itself.

When it comes to the magazines' defects, Mrs. Woodward is devastating. She indicts their handling of politics as superficial, their handling of sex as irresponsible, and their handling of modern psychology and psychiatry as sensational to the point of reducing these important findings to the status of "patent medicine."

The author's own career has embraced several positions on, or in connection with, the magazines she is discussing. While this background gives authority to her conclusions, it appears to have had an adverse effect on her writing style, which has all the earmarks of what E. B. White calls the "language of mutilation"—that painful corruption of the tongue of Shakespeare and Milton promulgated by the "gentlemen persuaders" of Madison Avenue. Indeed there are points where Mrs. Woodward's helter-skelter way with verb tenses and relative clauses puts the reader to the trouble of translating her tortured prose into English. Fortunately, what she has to say makes the effort worth while.

MILTON LOMASK.

## THE SEMISOVEREIGN PEOPLE

By E. E. Schattschneider. 147 pages.  
Holt. \$2.95

During the recently completed presidential campaign, disgruntled voters and weary commentators sometimes asserted that American elections are pointless struggles for power between rival party leaders whose principles, if any, are almost identical. In *The Semisovereign People*, Professor Schattschneider of Wesleyan University vehemently attacks this view that "American politics is a meaningless stalemate about which no one can do anything."

Instead, he directs our attention to the



E. E. Schattschneider

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nature of political organization in order to prove that widespread popular participation in public affairs is both important and necessary. Arguing that the major political fact in our society is "the tremendous contagiousness of conflict," the author claims that our party strategists have consistently attempted to limit or increase public involvement in controversy, depending on the partisan advantages to be gained. If, for example, the Republican party feels that it can successfully exploit the Southern civil rights problem, it will then attempt to nationalize the issue rather than permit it to be confined to its home section.

Dr. Schattschneider emphasizes the profound change which has overtaken the federal government during the course of our history. Originally, only the House of Representatives was directly responsive to the will of the voters. But, by constitutional amendment, judicial decisions, and federal and state legislation, the public has come to believe that its sway over all branches of the federal system is omnipotent. Thus, unfortunately, the voters become impatient or cynical when the government does not immediately fulfill their pressing desires.

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► Mr. Brandt was shocked, on opening his morning newspaper, to find his name mistakenly listed in the obituary column. In an angry huff, he descended upon the hapless editor and gave him what-for in no uncertain terms. "Well, there's not much I can do," the editor apologized. "It's quite obvious that the newspaper is already out."

"An apology won't do," Mr. Brandt stormed. "There must be something more you can do to rectify the error!"

"I have an idea," the poor editor finally said. "I'll put you in the birth notices tomorrow and give you a fresh start!"

—THOMAS P. RAMIREZ



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versial." These qualities will be readily apparent only to the specialist, however. Written in the argot of the political scientist, its appeal to the nonspecialist in this field is limited.

H. L. ROFINOT, PH.D.

## THE SNAKE HAS ALL THE LINES

By Jean Kerr.  
Doubleday.

168 pages.  
\$3.50

Jean Kerr has proved her ability to reduce her readers to a state of helpless hysterics, and her magic is still going strong. If anything, this book is funnier than her first.

It does not matter what Mrs. Kerr is discussing—be it children, the Ten Worst Things about a Man, waiting for reviews after opening night—the results are all the same. One can identify with her at once, and therein lies her unique charm.

Her "Letters of Protest" she never sent are wonderful. A sample: "I'm tired of all this nonsense about beauty being only skin-deep. That's deep enough . . . Personally, I find that it's work, work, work just trying to keep this top half inch in shape"—what woman would disagree?

You and I have struggled through many of the situations she presents, yet her adept phraseology and twist of humor heighten each experience and make it glow. She is an expert writer, as well as an acute observer.

The author's ability to make of the most ordinary scene a hilarious comedy is a great gift. Her never-failing sense of the ridiculous in recording an incident puts her on top of the list of women writers in this genre.

If you had the misfortune to miss these essays in various magazines, here they are, all collected for you. And if there is anyone you particularly love, give them this latest Jean Kerr.

MARY ELIZABETH REEDY.

## PEACEABLE LANE

By Keith Wheeler.  
Simon & Schuster.

345 pages.  
\$4.50

This is a topical novel that will strike a tender nerve throughout a broad swath of suburbia. Its subject matter is segregation in housing, specifically the reaction of a small, all-white upper class neighborhood in Westchester, New York, to a Negro artist seeking a home there.

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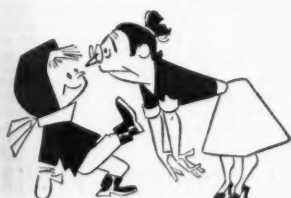
on his shoulder where others of his race would settle for a chip. He is inviting trouble and he all but relishes the prospect.

Predictably, the residents of *Peaceable Lane* live up to his expectations, and their efforts to keep him from buying the home of one disgruntled householder make a mockery of the street's name. Out of the swamp of prejudice and fear, two men rise reluctantly and slowly to the defense of human decency.

The plot thickens, the action quickens, and melodrama begins to crowd social significance off the concluding pages. It's a fairly slick job of plotting, right down to a tidily tragic ending with silver-lining overtones that ought to catch Hollywood's eye.

As a novel of social protest, *Peaceable Lane* falls short. The author has chosen characters and a setting he knows, but they scarcely constitute the protagonists or the center of stage where the real issue has been joined in life.

A wealthy artist who owns a Rouault worth \$20,000 and drives a Jaguar is hardly representative of the ordinary, plum-ridden, urban Negro. Nor is a \$25,000-a-year advertising man with a well-manicured acre and home in West-



### Footnote

► The wearying school day had ended, and the teacher was helping her first-grade charges into their winter clothes. After 29 other children had been helped into snowsuits, gloves, hats, and galoshes, she came to young Michael.

Finally she had him clothed and his boots zippered over his snow pants.

Michael looked at his feet. "Teacher," he said, "these aren't my boots."

With a groan, the teacher sat him down, grabbed his feet one after the other, unzipped the boots, and yanked them off.

Lifting them, she asked wearily, "Then whose boots are these?"

"They're my brother's," said little Michael. "But my mother made me wear them today."

—MARGARET CUMMINGS

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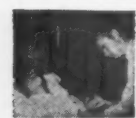
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chester typical of the average white man facing residential integration. Yet, the ad man and the artist do make for a provocative match, and Wheeler, it must be admitted, has made it interesting.

JOHN J. SMEE.

## THE DAY CHRIST WAS BORN

By Jim Bishop.  
Harper.

80 pages.  
\$3.50

In St. Luke's account of Our Lord's birth, the angel tells the frightened shepherds: "Do not be afraid, for behold I bring you good news of great joy which shall be to all the people." To make sure that all the people hear about this good news, Jim Bishop has hopefully written this book.



Jim Bishop

Jim Bishop is the originator of "The Day" style of journalism. Taking up the stupendous event of Christ's birth, he devotes his journalistic skill to a kind of "you were there" reconstruction. He makes the reader feel that he is a part of what is happening, even though it happened centuries ago.

The author's ambition, being a good reporter and a good Christian, is understandable—and desirable. We are all apt to imagine that the trials, the sorrows, and the sufferings endured by Mary and Joseph were in the nature of play-acting and that they had everything comfortably figured out. We are used to many accounts of the birth of Christ where the event is portrayed in a kind of stained-glass window setting. The stark poverty of the stable is softened by a patina of devotion which makes it all seem remote and unreal. Jim Bishop makes it very clear that the unique role of Mary and Joseph in both human and divine history did not relieve them of the anguish and heartache any parents would taste at seeing their child born in a cattle shed.

In this praiseworthy ambition of Mr. Bishop, it is perhaps too much to demand perfect scriptural and theological accuracy. However, because the birth of Christ was unique and the prerogatives of His Mother (exempted from the curse of sin) so wonderful, the accurate reporter is cautioned in advance against overhumanizing the wondrous event.

This description of the day Christ was born fails to have observed this caution in a few instances. For example, readers may well be annoyed at the description of the young maid who could express the sublime sentiments enshrined in *The Magnificat* as being a rather simple-minded peasant girl who

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was completely mystified by the whole revelation in which she was to play such a pre-eminent role—having difficulty in deciding whether the announcement of the angel Gabriel was a dream or reality. Mr. Bishop suggests that on occasion Our Lady felt nausea and dizziness during her pregnancy. Many will protest that the pains of childbearing are associated with the effects of Original Sin by Scripture and that Our Lady was exempted from the penalty of sin. A few instances such as these mar the vivid account.

But the errors are possibly on the side of the angels. It is evident that Mr. Bishop wants to make the Holy Family a part of every family. This desire is eminently praiseworthy. But to accomplish this we cannot overlook the fact that the day Christ was born was different from every other day in human history. Thanks to Jim Bishop, more people will hear about the central event of history.

FIDELIS RICE, C.P.

#### OUR REVIEWERS

**JAMES FREDERICK FISHER, C.S.P.**, M.A. (St. Paul's College, Washington, D.C.), Catholic Chaplain at University of Calif. in Berkeley.

**JOHN J. KENNY, C.S.P.**, instructor in French at St. Peter's College in Baltimore, received his graduate training at University of Maryland.

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**MILTON LOMASK**, freelance writer, author of children's books and of a recently published study of President Andrew Johnson. Residence, White Plains, New York.

**LOIS SLADE PUSATERI**, graduate of St. Jos. Acad. Dubuque, Iowa; former newspaperwoman; now married. Res. Dubuque, Iowa.

**MARY ELIZABETH REEDY, A.B.**, Rosemont College, Phila., Pa.), mother of eight children, manages to find time for reviewing books.

**FIDELIS RICE, C.P.**, Professor of Sacred eloquence in the Passionist Seminary and director of the weekly Broadcast "The Hour of the Crucified."

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**HARRY SCHLEGEL**, educated at Georgetown and Columbia U.; staff writer for N.Y. Daily News; specialist in U.S. Civil War History.

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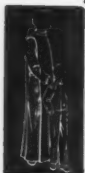
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**THE KENNEDY I KNOW**

(Continued from page 26)

again, ties a shoelace, hunts for a book to check a quotation, moves around the room. In short, he acts as if he would much rather be passing a football back and forth with his brother—as he did just before making his presidential acceptance speech in Hyannis, Mass. It is hard to imagine him ensconced behind a desk in the famous oval room of the White House, in the manner of some of his ponderous predecessors.

A biographer once quoted Kennedy's mother as saying that she never saw him "in anger or in tears." Kennedy is never in tears, but he is not devoid of anger. It is a cold, white anger which is all the more impressive because it is low-key. Staff members who have been on the receiving end of it call the experience memorable.

Kennedy, however, dislikes giving offense and has a distaste for unpleasant scenes. His whole tendency in public is toward understatement. The coldness some observers see in him is actually a deep sense of reserve. His compassion is seldom expressed outside his family circle. For example, he watched Nixon's near-concession speech on television on election night and was more moved than other members of the family by Pat Nixon's tragic face.

"I feel sorry for her," he murmured. "I think she's really going to cry."

Kennedy is jealous of his privacy and feels that not even a President should have to become a public spectacle when he goes to church. He got a bad taste of this when, two days before the election, he left his hotel in Waterbury, Conn., to attend ten o'clock Mass at the Immaculate Conception Church across the street. Throngs were massed on the sidewalks and in the street waiting for him. A local politico broke a path through the crowd, crying aloud: "Be nice to him, folks! He's only going to church. Be nice to him now!" As he occupied a pew in the middle of the church, necks were craned from all angles to get a better look at him.

Kennedy is sure to bring dignity and his own style with him to the White House. He has promised also to bring vigor and to do a great many other things. As the youngest man, and the first member of his faith, ever to be elected President, he will be a marked man in a time of continual world crisis. This prospect has reminded him of a letter written by Lincoln to a friend in 1860. Lincoln wrote: "I know there is a God, and that He hates injustice. I see the storm coming and He has His hand in it. But if He has a place and a part for me, I believe that I am ready."

Kennedy is just confident enough to believe that he is ready too.

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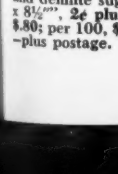


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## THE HATRED THAT SPLIT AMERICA

(Continued from page 39)

heartily endorsed by her pro-Southern  
and gangster-dominated mayor, Fer-  
nando Wood.

Confusion and hand-wringing indeci-  
sion—such was the background against  
which the major events of the Secession  
Winter were played out.

The first of these events was an at-  
tempt by Congress to breathe life into  
the corpse of democratic give-and-take.

To this end, the Senate set up the  
Committee of Thirteen to consider a  
bundle of compromises authored by  
aging John J. Crittenden of Kentucky.  
The most crucial of Crittenden's pro-  
posals was that the imaginary line be  
revived and extended to the Pacific, with  
the proviso that future states formed  
to the north of it come into the Union  
free and that those formed to the south  
come in free or slave as their voters  
should determine.

Holding what amounted to the bal-  
ance of power on the Committee of  
Thirteen was William H. Seward of New  
York. It was little Seward—humorous,  
engaging, and ambitious—who in 1858  
had called the conflict "irrepressible." Ever  
since, he had been endeavoring to eat  
his own words. The Senator from New  
York was a very oak of compromise—but  
he was also an adroit politician. Know-  
ing that he was going to be Lincoln's  
Secretary of State, he sent his crony,  
Thurlow Weed, out to Springfield to  
sound out the President-elect.

Weed arrived in Springfield on the  
very day that South Carolina seceded.  
There is no record of what Lincoln said  
to him, but it is evident that he could  
not bring himself to relinquish his  
often proclaimed desire to see slavery  
confined to the states where it then  
existed. At any rate, Seward, having  
been apprised of the President-elect's  
wishes, joined with the other Republican  
members of the Committee of Thirteen  
to kill the Crittenden compromise.

So ended what the historian Arnold  
Whitridge has called "the most hopeful  
of the many attempts made to avert  
disunion and war." Since 1850, Whit-  
ridge points out in his recent book *No  
Compromise*, the "fanatics had been  
hard at work . . . driving men into po-  
sitions from which they could not re-  
treat. Something had to break, either  
the Republican party or the Union." For  
better or for worse, Mr. Whitridge  
adds, the "Republican party proved the  
stronger of the two."

Came March 4, with Abraham Lin-  
coln standing on the steps of the Cap-  
itol, with its uncompleted new dome, to  
deliver his first inaugural address. Mak-  
ing clear that he had no intention of in-  
terfering with slavery where it already

existed, the President denied the right  
of secession.

"No state upon its mere motion,"  
he said, "can lawfully get out of the  
Union."

He held out his hands to the people  
of the recently organized Confederate  
States of America. "The government  
will not assail you," he promised. "You  
can have no conflict without being  
yourself the aggressors. You have no  
oath registered in Heaven to destroy  
the government, while I shall have the  
most solemn one to 'preserve, protect,  
and defend it.'"

With a sigh of relief, ex-President  
Buchanan retreated to "Wheatland," his  
Pennsylvania country home, and Lin-  
coln took over. Staring him in the face  
was the touchiest situation ever to con-  
front an American president, for in  
March of 1861 all eyes were on the U.S.  
forts in the harbor of Charleston, South  
Carolina. Holed up in the strongest  
and most central of these were Ken-  
tucky-born Major Robert Anderson of  
the U.S. Army and his tiny garrison.

The Confederacy had already seized  
the other forts in the harbor and had  
demanded Sumter. Lincoln was no  
sooner inaugurated than word arrived  
from Major Anderson that provisions  
were running low, that without help he  
and his men could not last beyond the  
middle of April.

For weeks Lincoln played for time,  
dreading an act that might bring on  
war. Finally, he notified the South  
Carolina governor that "a peaceful ex-  
pedition would bring the garrison of  
Fort Sumter food and other necessities"  
but that no attempt would be made to  
reinforce the fort in a military sense  
unless the effort to bring in provisions  
were resisted.

The South chose to regard Lincoln's  
move as a declaration of war. At 4:30  
A.M. Friday, April 12, 1861, the Con-  
federate batteries at Charleston opened  
fire on Fort Sumter. In the dark hours  
of the following Sunday morning, April  
14, Major Anderson and his 128 of-  
ficers, soldiers, military musicians, and  
laborers surrendered to General Pierre  
Beauregard and the some 6,000 troops  
with which he had encircled the old  
bastion on its man-made island.

It was all over, which is to say it had  
begun!

Among those who watched, from a  
Charleston rooftop, the almost blood-  
less opening of the Civil War, was that  
brilliant lady Mary Boykin Chesnut,  
wife of one of South Carolina's  
"seceded" senators. In her revealing  
*A Diary from Dixie*, Mrs. Chesnut  
would pen an epitaph for the Secession  
Winter.

"We are divorced," she would write  
of an America suddenly become North-  
versus-South, "because we have hated  
each other so."